





### RAW POGO: SCAFFOLD 13

I know I'm talking in my sleep, and sleeping in my dreams. I'm dreaming on my feet and I don't know what it means...

my crazy crew cut hardcore hair is growing out staraight long and inky black. my Beaver Cleaver blue jeans fall frayed now, down around my hardcore American combat boots, no longer rolled up into punk rock cuffs round my calfs. I got the pais ley button down from Jack TSOL and he says they are thee surf punk thing to wear; but fuck, I'm stuck in eastern Pennsylvania and I don't have any friends who would ever think that. I mean the kids m on the scene are killing their parents and fight ing every night. Theres violence after school at all the cul de sac half pipes in all the secret skater spots. The MFC kids are on everybody's hit list. And I just wanna be so fucking far away from the mx numbers! And I just wanna walk home fore ver through silent cornfields and Indian Summer forrests! And never see anyone now that the scene is so fucked up and jaded and dead. I'm gonna split my freinds and skip the ride home and light out alone because John Stahl laid a joint on me. gonna walk all the way to the southside, check the racks at Play It Again and find the fucking RAIN PARADE record because its the calmest thing on college radio. Beca use my hardcore teenage life is suddenly turned around and upside down and scarier and crazier than any VOID show or any song by the FLAG. I mean it feels like I'm on the cusp of the new scene. Like I'm riding the wave of the gentle smokeout vibe all the way in from Cali. And I do not care who could ever understand. And I do not care that everyone on the scene thinks I'm fucked ...

Theres something in my head but it don't frighten me.

I mean I pour through Flipsixdes and all I see are pictures of punks in paisleys. And I scan through Flipside videos and count the number of times someone flies off a stage in a paisley shirt, fast forwarding to the part where D. Boon comes on in a thrift store paisley with him somehow stuffed inside, bald fat and sweaty, a slave to the San Pedro Weatherman style. And then I skip to the \*\*\* 100FLOWERS psych out footage by the beach. In reverie. I mean I can't take the footage of MIN OR THREAT trying to skate the school yard banks. I mean everybody thinks I'm crazy for this!

At night, people leave their homes to find a place to go. I see them on the street. But I don't want to stop. I thought I couldn't speak and I wanted to go home. like JT walking humble down 4th street, taking up residence by the singles bin. he stares at me through sunglasses. he telepathically tells me what to buy. I get the LP and walk home all the way to the northside. I walk past homes of true loves on Prospect. I strain to see in windows that glow warm orange in the heaven bedroom of hers. I could be Tom Sawyer emo and sappy crash out under Becky Thatcher's win dow. But I don't want to stop. I want to drink deep the sweet wine of sorrow and l longing and love and living. I want to live in a never ending whirl of a world, a forever emo night sky, moonlit and iridescent and teenage blue, and keep going on like this forever and ever until I finally die...

This is why all the A&R men, filmakers, FBI Informants and Black Helicopters have been hanging around Philadelphia lately....

Believe it! the Philly scene is on the rise with great bands like EDO, ANTHROPHOBIA, BARDO FOND, MEL'S ROCKPYLE, KENN KWEEDER, ROBERT HAZARD, THORAZINE and the dEALERS getting all the hype. Its obviously time to cash in and reform YDi, ELECTRIC LOVE MUFFIN, CIRCLE OF SHIT, KREMLIN KORPS, PURE HELL and THE A's! but since you weren't in any of those bands you could instead take a walk over to Jason Klauser and Elizabeth's pad, eat some chilli, cut your finger off and maybe broach the touchy subject of the KITSCHCHAO reunion with Mikey Wild covering Elizabeth's pad, eat some chilli, cut your finger off and maybe broach the touchy subject of the KITSCHCHAO reunion with Mikey Wild covering Tristan and Andy Personoko covering Dave Stauffer... Or else you can gather up Orange County's Kitschchao Dannny Gill and start THE WOODLAND FRUITS since he already has anyway, and that would be much less a hassle, and cause a few less fights. And perhaps rock harder than The Chao. Chris Hunter of Paint People is involved but i don't know any of the other names. But Nice Poop Andy says the songs he heard were a mix of old KITSCHCHAO-style songs and almost amazing duel guitar hardcore punk. Jason can be seen lately walking around HMV with two foot stacks of ABRASIVE WHEELS, THE BUISNESS, and GBH CDs in his bloody hands. And Dan Gill can be seen attending art school parties on week nights, riding of ABRASIVE WHERES, THE BUIDWESS, and oth UNS in his bloody hauds. And Dan Gill can be seen attending art school parties on week nights, riding the Taco House cruiser around (when he's not flying around on his new Easy created single speed messenger bike), beating Calvin Johnson in dance contests and (if you go to the Nice Pooper house around 4 in the afternoon) stumbling up out of his bed in the basement, hair straight up in an natural liberty spikes. in au naturel liberty spikes, lips secured around a gigantic sticky

ong, just waking up for work...

DOWN GIRL are the hottest new band on the scene! totally great PA Emo
from a Fracture and brother of Franklin. demo out soon. Split 7" with

from a Fracture and brother of Franklin. demo out soon. Split 7" with the dEALERS on NAP COM even sooner... and everyone loves them already. Just go down to the Record Exchange at any hour and you'll see Scott Schlagle trying to pawn FAITH's "subject to change" EP to pay his rent. Derelict Hotel people turned into KING JAMES VERSION and THE BURGLERS. go ask someone who saw them what theyre all about its just that i never get down to the Boot and Saddle even though ex-LV Todd Douglas books the place. I'm more into seeing Dave Burgh back on the streets riding for get down to the Boot and Saddle even though ex-Ly Toda Douglas books to place. I'm more into seeing Dave Burch back on the streets riding for Time Cycle and Dane back in the city after meeting Kieth Morris while living in Richmond ( i would have ran back to PA after that too.) and Soctt looking even bigger than he did last year, like he's approaching Mark Kale size in the "i'm gentle but don't fuck with me' dept.

some hot shot from SF wants to gut out records by the PHOTON BAND so

some hot shot from SF wants to put out records by the PHOTON BAND so i can't wait to hear what Art lays on him. perhaps a pristine sounding

24 track boogie marathon.



They kicked simon out of the GELCAPS and now Boothman is a sad lad even the he's got a cool lover and a gigantic loft to live in, and a

commuter brain for easy money-making.

in the Cold-As-Ice Dept: the guy from FORIEGNER is hot to sign HOBART to his new 'indie' label (like its run out of his bedroom). but theyre still being bombarded by offers from labels like BLUE OYSTER CUIT. THE

ROMANTICS and GENESIS. thats where the DANDELION connection comes in the new SANDBOX fanzine is supposed to be "two years long" when it arrives. Sean MacCabe came up to me and goes "can i hang out too? I have a Huffy.

got a tape from someone and put it in the VCR expecting Sun Ra/Space is the Place but got a MOTHRA video done by an art student at Grerel. we freaked out and haven't come out of our room in a few days, can someone please come over and turn it off? please come over and turn it off? got a tape from LENGLA and i think its okay! especially considering the gossip that the guitarist was in TURNING POINT. I mean the guitars are pretty damn smoked out and theres not an Lhanded mosh part in the whole thing.

Got a tape of the new ORIGINAL SINS double LP "bethlehem" the other

day and its thee concept album you always hoped for, and all about that

wonderful rock capital

wonderful rock capital...

saw ANONYMOUS the other night and now i get the drift. i forced
myself to watch the entire band and now I dig the Aaron thing going on
in the middle of the stage. Beth goes "he looks like a crazy elf!" And i in the middle of the stage, peth goes he looks like a crazy elf: and go "he really looks like the uncaged manio lunar tick that he is, spazzing out where it'll do the most good." Beth goes "he looks like a flea." It dawns on me then! That IS Flea! he did get committed after flea." It dawns on me then! That IS Flea! he did get committed after TR house got busted, then they let him out and now here he is! So anyway, go see them. split 7" with ANASARCA some day and one song by Terwilliger about riding like a demon through the streets of the city, on the upcoming "KILL THE MESSENGER" comp that EASY SUBCULTURE RESEARCH is doing (with the dEALERS and FRAMKLIN!)

PAN AM may finally happen for real now that Andy and Elysia have quit their jobs. And the stuff Clees did with Art and Simon is so sweet and good that you'd be lucky if you ever hear it.

good that you'd be lucky if you ever hear it.

POLICY OF THREE broke up and Bull and Jen say theyre going to start
up on the JOHN IRVING REVIVAL tip. I mean they wanns move to Vermont and

hay low and mellow out and live on a farm.

The dEALERS played a show for Chicken Farm Bob up in Easton with
STOOL TTD and OBJECTS OF HATE and watched the OBJECTS beat up the New
York band for being from out of state. If it weren't merely blatant
localism I would have thought it uncool. But then the drumer from TUB
smoked we and Class out and thus our set was something to behold (by the smoked me and Clees out and thus our set was something to behold (by the 3 people left or not in the hospital), what with Charles not there and Andy Clees filling in by playing tape loops louder than both the drums and my guitar. Chicken's putting out the new dEALERS' song "fly me in a blimp up to Canada" on one side of a split with some weird band from DC or smewhere like that. or smewhere like that.

Jackie and Eli are splitting to Japan to teach in January. So you should get the last few copies of BODY, their very cool and well-written comio, before they dissapear forever.

comic, before they dissapear forever.

Me and Beth want to follow them to The East just to get away from the noisey drag queens that live below us.

Paul David wants to buy his own farm house before his dad can sell it to the Kutztown Grange. I think we should all help him so we can all move in and hang out the windows and play frisbee and chill out for the rest of the Fin de Siecle on the gentle and green slope that is Kutztown Pennsylvania. And go see URINAL CAKE everynight, practicing in the 300 year old basement of Kutztown Bottling Works, with Kyle MORTIMER SMEDLEY newly added on third guitar!

newly added on third guitar!

I'm supposed to have this piece of shit all laid out and done in half an hour so Steph can print it illegally, but I've never been good with deadlines. I sit here and stare out the window onto 21st street and desatines. I sit here and stare out the window onto sist street and obsess on stupid things, like women getting raped and murdered up the block, or Beth getting mugged down the street, and I really think its time for all of us to split. Its time for all of us and all our cool time for all of us to split. Its time for all of us and all our cool friends to jump ship somewhere, buy a bunch of land with tumbledown farmhouses on it, dig a fucking moat around it like 50 miles long, errect a gigantic rock wall and only get to the outside stupid world by way of DIY HOT AIR BALOONS, floating us up and out into the sky on forays to see the rare good show or whatever. Your thoughts? (seriously) thank you --Erio de Jesus November 19, 1995.

this faw pogo super computer fanzine scene number evil 13! Everything in here copyright me, Eric de Jesus excepting theletters, daré devil photo by Knowles, Richard Allen review by Elizabeth Duby, rain Parade int.v. by bang zoom (don't sue). and anything else is scetchy This costs \$1 cheap post paid to us at easy. write for a l i s t of stuff and/or say hello like a good person. me and beth 1995 into it! po box 15951 phila pa. 19103 done 11-19-95 "sugar, gimme that smile..." get the DING ep power to the people and power to the cats! 

## lear M.+Mrs. Row Po

my dearest Eric & Beth,
how are you? how is our glorious Pa. metropiclis to the south? things
are par for the course up here, and as you know its rarely a three par
hole up here in Bethehem Once again spring is in the air and of course
that means exodus is in the hearts of Lehigh students everywhere. Long
Island, New Jersey. Whatever it takes. As usual you will forgive my
spelling, grammar, punctuation and whatever sise, as I am once again
writing to you from the depths of my sim. (Taank god my undershundance
of time prohibit; my knowledge of others, if any.) I have been enjoying
for awails a record by the name of Buddy Guy and the Juniors. It is an
acoustic recording of Buddy Guy and Juniors Wells and Hance. Highly
recomended. Of course it troubles me to be torn from my rigorous duties
of starring at the walls and enjoying the South gide of Bethlehem), that
I had to retire to the cassette of the Best of Sam and Dave after
several hours. With the axception of James Brown and the JBe, there has
never been a comparable combination of style, talent, soul and
sincerity, though the laters may be one and the same. There is news of
the band, but I will relate it to you personally when you grace us.
Jason "YUK" Evans / Bethlehem, Pa (MKJS, 411 BLUES EXPESS, punk,

Whats up Erio and Beth.

i am tired of doing school work today so i will write letters instead. Billy the Convulsive Wonder and i are supposed to be going out for orfsee so i will write until then. SPECTRIN was nice. Yeary nice. Sonic Boom has beautiful hands. my little friends from Bard were there to meet some other Spectrum fans at the Middle Bast. friends from the Internet. i think that is a very 90's way to meet people, so we all at humms and broke bread together. i turned to one of these people and asked "who do you like better, Spectrum or Spiritualized?" and he said, "you have not seen my drivers lissence, have you?" his name was Jason Pieroe, what a coinky-dink mr. boom did not show up during AIR MIAMI, who sucked and were very boring, THOURE A TAD MORE EXCITING THAN UNREST, but the remainder of the fellows drank Budwieser at the bar and laughed when we ordered Bombey Martins, shaken, not stirred. Mr. Boom came in as soon as they were about to go on, toting a box of CDE that he proceeded to hawk, all during the "gig" (that consisted of 2 or 3 actual spectrum songs. The rest were Spacemen i tunes) my friends from DC were thoroughly excited and went outside before, during and after to smoke up some "shoe gazing" stuff.

I have just completed a gift tay for GASIS, cut and pasted from the University of Manchester graduate studies catalougs. I have also just finished labeling my shampeo and conditioner bottles, plus a container of petroleum jelly, in French my weapons: cottoh tape, index cards and the typewriter. my strategy birarre.

I do not think the Divinity School people understand how to approach me. I am the youngest candidate, in all definitions of the word. The Feminist I Liberation Theology women scare me i watched Yf for the first time in a long time today and did some sewing. Dava Daveaport never told me WESTON were playing here over the weekend so I miceed them. she sent me a fold-out Peter Rabbit card that says "Yo!" i am still attaching it to my door. i suppose my goal is to read primary takes

Elizabeth,

Elizabeth,

as someone who is a significant contributor to the music scene here in
Philadelphia, i thought you might like a sample of my CD single off my
soon to be released CD "Neopolitian Man" This sample is "hot-off-thepress", and i wanted you to be the first person in the entire scene to
hear it. Please fill out the enclosed card for the full CD.

rock the night, Dave Emmi (rocker)

heilo,
the VILE HORRENDOUS have declared war on the Lehigh Velley Hardcore
scene. You conkenckere have gone too far! The suburhan goon rook
concerts at the Music Hall were bad enough. Now you have to showe your
Green Day up everybody's are. We will step on you and your way of life
until you writhe in agony. Any attempt to confront us at this adress
will result in your getting shot in the head.
Roy Grube/Vile H. 629 e. 5th st. Bethlehem, Pa.18015

will result in your getting shot in the head.

Roy Grubs/Vais H. 639 e. 5th st. Bethlehem, Fa 18015

Hello psople of philadelphia.

Let me say that i expected to be able to regale you with stories of the stunning cold of the northern mountains, but the locals are wearing shorts through the stunning heat wave. after a couple snowy days, the wind changed and everything melted, a man i talked with, trimming dead branches in a cemetary, told me no good weather goes unpunished, he kend i was a foriegner right off. Chiam is going out now, after a week of refusing to leave the porch, in the back lot during the night, 7 or 8 oats hang out on the dumpster or up inside against the warm engine blocks of cars, he's trying to become part of the pride, but heart tyet faced the challenge of the large tom that seems to be the leader. they'we hissed at eachother pretty convincingly, but nothing descrive has yet happened, i'm of course hoping he deals the beating and hecomes king of the oats. the human nisephbors are a hit less civilised, the landlord is evicting the woman who lives downstairs because she had 5 extra people living there, just her, her boyfriend and her kid (his?) live under us now, and every night they have a screaming drunken argument in order to work up enough energy for a good funk. I was reading Celime describe a couple beating their daughter to create the same mood while my niesphors provided the sound effects. public access TV looks like its easy to break into up here. is ould like to be endlessly ammused by foisting some stund creation of my own imagination on the viewers at home. maybe it could become Vermont's Undia Floyd. I oherical the dream. Josh, the atther up he lives here, is a hluegrass man and values that old bogey, "technical ability" we worked out a few sonns to play at an open mike night and so bought a hottle of Old Grandad just to take the edge off, we got there allittle late to sign up and had to return home to finish the bottle, whenever Josh and i complete a project like mopen him hight

Send: POBOX 15951 Philo, PA. 19103 USA

erio,
the tape was inevitably super. i ddin't know what to expect, but truly
super stuff... its a long story, but i really don't listen to any of the
bands i put out. i just happen to be friends with them and they sell
really well. i know that sounds fucked up but i run 2 labels.
Reperouseion (8 from HC kids) and Little Red Rocket, which is stuff i'm
really into; like i'm hopefully doing a Crain 7° one day. or stuff like
the dEALERS. i do like reperouseion, but its somewhat of a joke to me.
to see kids go ga ga over my friends bande is so silly! anyway, i was
writing to tell you that IRDIAN SUMMER died and i'm in a new band with
my friend Aaron and we're called ANN ARBOR...

Adam / Oakland city

Adam / Oakland city

19 may 1995

whats up Erio? just finished my ridiculous "creative dislouge" with
Hazel Hotes from Wiss Blood. 12 pages of really wierd drivel... at one
point i ask him about martyrdom and mutilation and we get to talking
about Rickey James of the Manios. Hazel has a very interesting take on
that one, i'm afraid i got a really funny call from Slattes (Paul
Slattesy) the other night: it seems Ernetford fuoked up the playoff and
will not make it to premier league now, so he's crying and telling me
how he refuses to come to america anymors and that if i want to go over
there he will send me the money... hums, drunken rambling or sincerity? i
got a puckage from a young man i met in Paris, the Tottenham Hotspur /
Chrysalis Sport person seems Stuart got into a fight with some of
Slatt's friends about writing me letters. oh well, i think most people
would agree it would be better if i hung out with mon closer in age to
that of myself. Slatts is very funny because the night of the Erentford
lose he was asked to photograph the SUPERGRASS gig at Hammersmith
Palais. obviously the bastard should have gone, which is interesting
since when I was with Danny Goffey i mentioned who I was travelling
with, etc. and suggested his name and 'English Rock Thotographer'
oradentials to them...hum. supposedly i should be recieving the album
quite soon if Danny can get his shit together and stick it in an
envelope, got a call from Annette today; she's in Montreal trying to
sell her short stories. Four people sanded up in the hospital, ligging it
down at 12:30 this year when all the ambulances came. Unfortunately, one
of the osavalties was Colin, that blazer boy i used to date. I mean hows
in ooke rehab for a long while, so i woulder what he has progressed
to. Another young student i know is in jail for vehicular manslaudhreseems he put Gavin Kleepsies into a coma in a DUI accident. Theres just
not much to do at Berd I love being an alumn. I bought 4 sesame
bagels, a huge root of ginger and some vanilla wafer cookies

Erig,
not much has been shaking, my new band's not called Ann Arbor anymore
(our it was a stupid name). Now we are DARRDEVIL (stupider), we're gone
be in Philadelphia on the 12th. I want to see you and drink red wine and
laugh about everything and i want to play with the dealers and shout
indie rook champions and die and take drugs and stupid stuff, i hope you
are well, as is she long live the red wine emo.

Adam repercussion / cakland spaceship co. / abductee

Adam repercussion / oakland spaceship co. / abductee

Mote: the fellowing letter was low is the Sucking mail system for like

a year and a half.

Rugby's mod scene is healthier and stronger in number than it has been
in years. a modernist society with new sensibilities, a new direction
and plenty of drugs. theres plenty of bands happening too. the
INTERCEPTORS (my band). THE GUARANTEED UGLY. THE HIPSHAKES, THE ENGLISH
SPOCKS, THE LOESES (responsible for the Heartache tape label). stc...
Agent Ugly's mod dance party went with a bang. i've been hung over all
day, watching the Grand Prix on the telly, there talk of an UGLIES
release on Billy Childish's label. do you have their first EP "warts and
all" there is also a new comp. IP on Spilt Milk Records featuring a
track by the UGLIES, the now rumoured to be defunct SPECTRUM, and
Sonis's new band E.A. S. SPIRTUALIZED have a new IP due out this year,
or maybe next. i hope to get my new zine out soon, Hickeville Engwanh.
First issue features THE SORGWS, and DAN FARNUON (local heroes they
are; obsek out the Ben Caruso LP and Farndon's solo single "Indian
Reservation" on GNP Cresendo) plus the rest of the mode in Hickeville. I
tchink OUTER LIKHIS is pratty much finished, due to heasies and bitching
between parties involved. Sometimes Rugby's like living in a town of old
women, tuesting and fighting and the like. It was really flogging a dead
horse anyway. SPACEMEN and DARKSIDE more recently finished in blaze of
had feeling and contempt. A shame, true. But inevitable monetheless. But
the INTERCEPTORS are about ready, we have our first gig in a couple of
weeks. And labels interested in signing us. My old label, Beggar's
Benquet being the favorite in the running oh yeah, the "Lunar Surf" ep
may have been inferior to all our other stuff, but thats boause we
didn't have 50 pounds an hour, pumped into studio time... is it possible
to get payet in your neck of the woods' I heard that you oan join The
Church Of The Hartive Americans. If you can shed any light on the matter,
and

dear erio,

dear erio,

brien wilson's music changed my life. i become aware of it in the early
80's (i never liked the beach boys surf/car hits; overplayed as they
were and totally alien to a cold, landlooked Pa. loses; when music, to
se, was a means of expressing rage and pain experienced in the wondsiful
pageant of life. velvete, stooges, dolls, etc. were the gloomy R&W
movie i watched over and over again. then, while watching Thampon, I
heard "wouldn't it be nios" which ironically closed the movie. i supose
i linked it to the \$50cl milieu of money, mass murder and melancholy,
not alien to the wilsons, in particular Dennis, hinted at in the film.
Found it on Pet Scunds around Imms (a very wintery LP) and was won over
by the eerie, Phil Spector-ized pop muzak, therein contained. beyond
that, and beneath the perfect harmonies, pretty melodies, brilliant key
changes, goofy arrangements and surface contentment, i could tell that
brian was more fucked up than i was. its just this combination of
childlike-lish perception and utter loss that give the beach boys' bette
stuff its strangely powerful quality, of course i looked into other LPs'
today" "smiley smile" "wild honey" "sunflower" "love you" -all good, if
sporty, in different ways, though it was individual eongs, flashes of
brilliance, that stood out, and it was these songs, like "back of my
-mind", "wonderful". "let the wind blow", "cool, cool vater' that
switched the YES control in my brain into the ON position. I wanted to
make music which could, in turn, bring people out of the "underground"
doldrums; music that said other things than "i hate you", music that
talks without lyrics and says "the universe sucks, but lets get high or
something, lets play in the sandbox with all the other shit, walk to
oalifornia in your dreams and get lost in a bookstore with jesus".
things like that. I we not been totally successful at all, but i am
rying and every day i get oleses to dying and getting it right, but i im
not a millionaire at 25. id ohave my sanity, for the mo

sincerely, J.T. / Bethlehem, Pop Sike City State, Pennsylvania, Earth, Universe...

Dear Erio and Beth,

2 rug-eaters were waiting there for me. One, a starry-syed know-nothing with a bad mouth and a checkered past as a dominatrix, the other a bow-legged chicken rancher with a broken heart, the older girl moaned something about passing clots the size of jellytish, and oracked into the motrin looking for something to stop the horns from taking root in her skull. But i was just there on the sales pitch peddling vials of semen from the loims of a tormented genius to all the spruce street dykes who artificially inseminated themselves with turkey basters while standing on their heads in frieght cars, the younger girl laid book as her belly swelled before our eyes while the other pulled up a bucket of soulding hot water, saying, here, if its male, try again, the average belding white male came through on the way home from work, he had just recieved his first communion and it was not settling well, he moved into the corner and vomitted the body of christ into a dirty old pale, returning, he amounced that he had been beaten to a pulp at the office and needed to be tied up and flogged like an animal, can't you see i'm in labor, she spewed at him, its yourself up, vouse i'm in labor, she spewed at him, its yourself up, vou unresourceful bastard, he felt hetter already and strolled away, cook of the walk.

Tristan Egolf Kitchchao, somewhere in Europe (probably Ammeterdam.)

Eric and Beth.

Eric and Beth,

tell me you don't love this postcard (Husker Du "zen arcade" cover), i
wanna see your pad so i bring the red wine and the green and you play
sanatra and host the evening...DARDEVIL set to implode tomorrow for
tour. bang this card up (Husker side) somewhere rnd and listen to RODAN
and kill anything you can love, Adam Deredevil man

Eric RPOTS,
how is your summer unfolding? your last letter/sorible seemed vaguely
manic, i hope yourse doing well. graduated from school, played some good
shows, did some painting for my grad school application and toyed with
the idea of a fashion line. new single comes out on Harriet records from
boston in ortober, called "the young transmitter EP" went to visit a
friend in DC and met some moddish dudes from a band called Chisel saw
the Mondrian exhibit...
Micheal / MY FAVORITE, Absolute Beginners Hovement NYC

overytime i speak to you there are always some distinct parallels between what is going on in the collective wind of me/Carrie (Carrie "Glitter") and what is going on with you'dleth'sto in the other commonwealth. On the Performance tip, Carrie and i (shows the glasswegiam and i'm the memonaniam) were discussing having a hand called THE PERFORMENES or THEE PERFORMENES or PERFORMENES.

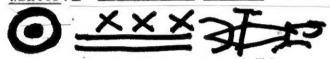
In this ballate" in the ballate", with the basile "indice of collection of the seeker".

I will do such and claps and dualing tambourine with Liam Gallagher on Oasis's version of "understanding", and will be starring in the "she's collection video set on location in NTC's Macklow Hotel (44th / Broadway). right post)

we are also working on an anthes ponymously titled "baum william ryder" set to Monder Woman those music, soginesced and mixed by mark coyle/owen mortis for that undefinable "sidee" all photography and chall spancer jones for brian cannon at microdot; you'heth have been applinted press agent(s) and you get to make the laminates : radues to be nameded by Jupition hoensize morour russell was an asshole the last time i saw him he coddles Liam too much) and will instead be working with the last time i saw him he coddles Liam too much) and will instead be working with required the last time i saw him he coddles Liam too much) and will instead be working with required the last time i saw him he coddles Liam too much) and will instead be working with the last time i saw him he coddles Liam too much) and will instead be working with the last time i saw him he coddles Liam too much) and will instead be working with the last time i saw him he coddles Liam too much he had to make the last time i saw him he

"The Political Economy of Bike Messenger

Winter: A Comparative History 1994-1995



The Political Economy of Bike Messenger Winter: A History

The Political Economy of Bike Messenger Winter: A History
into the alley go my eyes through fog, and wether out stelling my hiding many and paranoid slinking with insane fear shiftyeyed walking, i can not chill out. sneak out for a moment on foot,
like and trace a line out and back, up, down samey boring streets;
under eyes suspicious like i'm some political criminal, like they
watch me, like i gotta come back before the earlier and earlier dusk
and hide. to peer out windows into alleys, the fucking coming cold
in eastern Pa, brings with it the winds of dread and death and gove
rament-leviathan oppression.

Angels for the dead and the dying. i found out today that Tammy died in her sleep from smack on Saturday night. she passed away in the arms of alex sceetime before the new day, and sunday was a rain soaked day of sadness all through the city, more rein fell sunday than the previous three months, and Tamala died right when the day than the previous three months, and Tamala died right when the day was turning, right when that day started, right with the first hint of light. Alex is alone, he's freaked out, what awful crises befall us... she just healed her band up, smashed on a rear view mirror going the wrong way fast up Market, she was a messenger i really thou ght was cool, and crocodic tears make me want to kill, and the mess of drugs and sadness, and the feeling... what will become of alex, maybe crashing with us tonight, him and Floyd in our little pad, a boy and his dog, can't face a night in his death bed. Tammy man, wh what the fuck? what do you see now? it must be a better place, lord save you, you must have found your luck at last, you must have found your beautiful end, you must be onto something better, because you wouldn't have otherwise split so soon; so soon, so early on a miser able day in a sad and miserable cold grey northern city, and today, all day, i don't know what to say while riding; shock-eyed and day our beauty scene because god wouldn't need you already otherwise.

it is supposed to stay in the 60's all week now, it is too warm Angels for the dead and the dying. i found out today that Tammy

it is supposed to stay in the 60's all week now. it is too warm for post x-mas winter. the snowy days will hit me and beth in our new sweaters, boots and mountain bike gloves. to write something everyday is what i propose every late december of every recent year. but the world just keeps a creepin' and i am sidetracked by bands, work, boredom, lazimess, the futility of everything and even the slightest thought of the comung warmth, but perhaps its w too soon to be dreaming of the March warmth promise, but i am now a twenty-seven year old boy who's gotta get a move on. it is late wdecember in the millenium, we have got to make the works to make us. we have got to get a move on. but this scene will continue however, regardless of either big or meager contributions coming from us. suffer in obscur ity a little while longer, i never figured it would be very different, too burdewned with the romanco history of it all am i. i accept the fruit of fame will never ever come and insteadimplore us to do anything for its own sake, and simply because there is never ever a question about it anyway, to please us here and wait for the stu pid world to discover that we've been what its awaited so long, i just keep creeping crawling through these old Philadelphia streets, sneaking into the twenty first, our when they catch us finally is when riches will come, and it won't be pretty.

This is what is coming:

this is what is coming:

this is what is coming:

massive fictional history mg of Pa. cultural history and myth.

psycho-geographic mapping of our dream of eastern Pa city state

psycho-geographic/demographic data confirming the thesis of a

new paradigm held by an entirely new people (or "Yolk").

The secession that will naturally follow the realization that people are free to associate with like-minded souls.

the map of the free state, its morevian capital in bethlehem, and

open borders on the frontiers, an invisible cultural nation and people that is so SECRET as to be feared by the straights.

i fly through the streets on my messenger g rig, splitting huge hawkers on a billion fucked up wind shields, walking proud from my bike to the doors of office scrapers. stand so straight because eyes are upon me. like i could say fuck you but how would you say that while still implying who cares? i jump into holes in the traffic, and back out onto it clear streets like a trout, like a native brook trout in the pristine flow of the cleanest stream in the fucking world, like i'm gonna die. like this fucking bike is made out of me. i can power home up a river wide boulevard. i can trackstand in traffic then squirt the holeshot befor the light changes. I can out run every bullshit taxi this city hides, and i can fucking smoke a mill every bullshit taxi this city hides, and i can fucking smoke a mill ion cigarettes, swallow a hundred vitamine, spit on thousands of wi

continued over...



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**RESPRO** 

nd shields, lean on endless bus sides what a zillion miles per, and yearn to get home again and warm up with beth against the early nig ht. eating a dinner, wishing there was no such this as work, no matter how intense, reading late of secret histories and rock scenes and youth cults, alive and resilient in the fin de siecle ...

this day i blow off work with a half lie. there are projects to be started and completed but there is alot of sitting around and reading and smoking to do too. walking around alleys in search of Paul Auster's book, thinking of solutions to policy questions, a Libertarian and an anti-government recluse. this day can only end listening to the great rock and roll swindle drinking beer with An Andy, Elysia and Beth, so little beer and my mind and stomach are already telling me i should quit it, i quit ANONYMOUS the other day but that was really before i got firedm, i pre-empted what i knew would be the result of joining when i did.

a dutch (pa. dutch) good luck dinner for the new year at Sean and Steph's 2 weeks ago. a weird and creepy scene over there, hung over bad. a small town dinner in the guts of the city like a dinner in a bethlehem township tract home with a horny youngishly old mother and drug-freak punk kids gathered around, there is good luck pa, dutch pork chops and sourkraut for the traditionalists among us. But Sean pork thops and sourkraut for the traditionalists among us. But Sean eats baked tofu while Steph, 18, relates her scariest experiences while on smack, dust and drink, within earshot of her mother, this is an eternal scene you witness almost every year; in the vague loving presence of a Pa. mother at home with her LVHC progeny. like the ing presence of a Pa. mother at home with her LVMC progeny. Like the secret americana that is so warm and true, the secret Pennsylvaniana culture everyone takes for granted, and that takes place with slight regional differences all across the winterland in every town withm a scene, beth says, "wanna split soon?" she's more hung over than me. she is a herbivowre, more or less, but i don't mind the pork and the Berks County Filling diversion, so allien to the city's italo-afro hegemonized scene; i don't mind this conservative dinner at all. awkward it is, sometimes, but when its just Sean, me and Beth sitting and talking it is completely natural. it is gracious when Sean and taking it is so rare; smiles so slow and meaningful, but then i'm not about to drink any of the left over champagne we brought over, so i wanna split soon enough. we leave them there sitting togethmer at the table, holding hands or something, thinking bisexual though ts and digging the new year in a new city.

beth and i watch White Calle on the VCR and it bores the out of us way before the end. we end up hiotted up in bed making love for the first time in our new room; bare branches and bay wi dows of light from the street wash over our bare limbs, aweating dows of light from the street wash over our bare limbs, sweating even in the vicitous cold outside. Late almost i get up for work, my back and legs creaky from use. I make an omellette in the morning, what the fuck, i feel tender and warm. beth, smiling slow while she takes her morning coffee, sleepily comes to life. coffee that is th ick and dark like coffee should be, like caramel, like chocolate, I like her man. and i don't mind to be owned as long as i love my own er. and who cares about work, its so slow in messenger philadelphia. so full of rumours and bike evictions and lay offs and city council bullshit to get the messengers off the streets, but everyone is sto bullshit to get the messengers off the streets, but everyone is sto need and hanging, working for new companies, finding new jobs, riding new rides, the city government would knowingly restrict business and commerce, fuck with peoples livlihoods, i tell everyone that its not filt is ever been any different... some really wondering about their livelihood in the new and future malled city of tourist industry, because what else are they gonna do. i just like to split work early and come home to be alone and read, someday nothing will stop me or worry me and bath and all our friends will live free like they in worry me and beth and all our friends will live free like there is any other way to hope to live. but so many are such unimaginative suckers. we have the deepest sunset from our windows here, we have the winter frigid back room studio space, we have the rambunctions mix cats who follow us down the halls, we have what we want, kind of, and we are groing paranoid that they'll try to tear it from us. we have evidence that it happens to people all the time, we just want to be left alone.

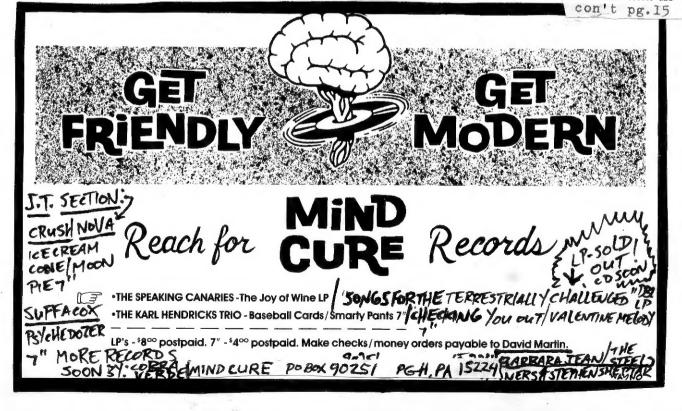
right now i must tell you that we are living in Bad Earth, electrical connections throughout philadelphia are going mad, turning off, fucking up and shutting off in these first weeks of 1995, just like last january with its massive brown outs and deaths by just like last january with its massive brown outs and deaths by shock, this year is growing charged with Fortean weirdness. Whole blocks in olde city, along market and fifth and third, skyscrapers and towers, houses and historic bullshit, resorting to back up power sources as the clouds loom up all the sudden. measengers are stranded in elevators with squares just out of the office for lunch, holding a gross sbarro pizza in one hand and their dicks in the oth er, impossible to grab the next tag for an hour or so, a whale from the atlantic follows its nose like a goddamn magnet up the chesepe ake to the delaware and awims haywire for some secret reason, trapmed in energy fields in the shit-brown water of the delaware between ake to the delaware and swims haywire for some secret reason, trapped in energy fields in the shit-brown water of the delaware between philadelphia and camden. massive short outs on the septa system leave trains and trolleys and subwaysstuck underground in the guts of the city. the Peco tower broadcasts the 1 time (on its stupid looking Lite-A-Brite edizfice) but its totally wrong, its like some fast, ugly Big Ben, or binary clock, gonging like crazy. Yuri Geller dreams of eastern Pa. last night, our VCR fucks up. it won't play & i wanna see the ATV bits in The Punk Rock Movie. nothing works. I take off the cover, it warns of electrical shock, i give up. and the nit blinks to life like nothing unusual. the thermostat is fucked en it blinks to life like nothing unusual, the thermostat is fucked en it blinks to life lake nothing unusual, the cherapotal as account because its set on 80 and we think we are going to freeze to death, and no one would ever find us up here, beth passes her hand over the red and green connectors and pops and fizzles and clicks on, humming. We is the city this winter... we are talking about the power in our pinkies to make it all stop, to cast a spell on the frigid winter town and say its time's now gone.

and yesterday there are panic stricken calls from people all over philadelphia, says they seen a big big lion in their back yard, they really says the winter partially says they are no bid you. Weird Rother is weathly a say the winter partially says the principles.

really saw the WEIRD PANTRER. we told you. Weird Brother is watching

it is like a sadness fix i'm anticipating saturday morning with it is like a sadness fix i'm anticipating saturday morning with me and Charles sitting drinking thick Bodum coffee in the kitchen. he crashed here last night, and we did the dEALERS for the last time at the Frizzy. we dealt loud and together and me and chazz completely baked on Hobart weed. The last red wine drank and the last Red Wine Emo recorded, today he goes back to his parents' old house in Woodbury to get his things and move for good up to Vermont. it is like a death knell conversation at the table, it is sweet like a parting. I know, last night he's gone again for a loss time. as like a death knell conversation at the table, it is sweet like a parting, i know, last night he's gone again for a long time, and i know he knows. and again the dEALERS are raw and ON like the last 'last' time; the night before he and Davis split for good to Alaska. he looks so huge and like a mountain. like a 6'5" monster o'conner and us friends won't sit and talk for a long time to come, he will stay free, and me, i no one to plaxy tandem guitar psych waltzes with, will stop for a bit...

Tom Barnes is h ome. he is one of the only people i know who was never, even for an ardous, tortwax urous week, a messenger, he lays a GBW of on me to check out. i love it i never loved it until Tom implored me to check them out, until he sang alng to "lt cheerleaderxxxxx cold front" right before my eyes. and he's the only one in the nation who loves them so. But he says hes gotta jump start his falling body. he's gotta go jogging soon enough. he says, "i ain't gettin any younger". his pad on walnut in is comfy and still piled high with christmas gifts, papers and cover letters. the skimping eleutric heater sparks and blows hot dry air through my winter hair. i'm drinking a beer and watching the cowboys and total ly hating them; igo "i hate dallas and everyone from there". he laughs at this, knows does he that the entire nation's population of right-minded and ethical, dreamer romantic types thinks the same, kelly leak didn't play for dallas. so i take off with a tiny buzz and walk the same stupid streets back here. i hate to ride in traffic unless some asshole is paying me handsomely to do so. i think Tom Barnes is h ome. he is one of the only people i know who some asshole is paying me handsomely to do so. i think the same thoughts i've always thought walking down these gentrified ghettos, the same maddening modus operandi and destiny still unsteembed and i'm not getting any younger. I'm only getting better and better a





the RAIN PARADE kind of saved my life when i was a dumb kid. they saved yours too, right? one day climbing in and out through Arbegast's bedrage window he had half pipe, nailed to the side of his house that covered the garage and his mom could not use the driveway ever again, and the coping was his window bane, i hot could be and Zopmaudio zine oddly out of place beside all the ONEWAY SYSTEM and DISCHARGE US CHAOS Lp. and so wassing in his floor. He was only too happy to trade it for my way and southern callfornian they sounded and still sound to these Pa. ears, but fuck if no one's gonna sue me, I'll print it here for you. because I love you...

HE RAIN PARADE 1983

HR. BARG ZOOM ANNOUNCER-some bands try to copy the past, and other bands try to assimilate it into the future. the rain parade does a little bit of both, since this interview took place, the rain parade have gone through some changee, namely, the custing of David Roback, at the end of this interview is a live song done by the new, and improved, RAIN PARADE.

BANG ZOOM GUY-certain bands say that theyre more 'revivalist' bands, you know, like theyre very into the lock of it, and ite really the hair eituation, and the clothes. This band right here, the FUZZTONES, are really into the HUSIC MACHINE look, you know, the whole trip Whereas you guys don't really get into his band right here, the FUZZTONES, are really into the HUSIC MACHINE look, you know, the black leather vests, the turtle necks, the gloves, the whole trip Whereas you guys don't really get into and developed it without being too self-conclous of what the image is.

BY—the only thing i'm interested in with the 60s and of that period is the good music, i mean i'm not interested in the style, perticularly, i wouldn't feel comfortable walking around dressed, i dress so that people don't notice me

RP-its really funny too, because 2 years ago there weren't that many people wearing this kind of weird, you see people who are playing in new romantic bands who are now wearing paisley, you know what i mean? its kinda weard.

AZ-its the ice cream of the month

RP-yeah exactly
RP-but you know, this whole psychedelic thing, it is a subject i am very interested in, because i think psychedelics and, in most ways, i believe that thate not true, but in some ways i believe it is true?

BZ-its the ice cream of the month

RP-yeah exactly
RP-dishelief we dalways find a few people that were, like, totally turned onto it, like, profoundly, you know? alot of musicians, we dom't have that there not like. they if find a few people that were, like, totally turned onto it, like, profoundly, and OREAM SYNDICATE, they were really blown away.

Ilke god you k

then to imply that you are that calculating about it... is boring to me. really, honestly its true. BZ-people are defining it by form as oppsed to by content. and the content happens to look like a certain form RP-exactly.

BZ-on this tour that youve been doing i'm wort of you know, because of bands like TME RAIN PARADE and THE DREAM SYNDICATE and THE THREE O'CLOCK, theyre all very identified with this, uh.'L A Paisley Underground phrase.

RP-that was Micheal Queroic's little... claim to fame.

RP-it is very appropriate for these bands...

RP-it is very appropriate for these bands...

RP-is is very appropriate for these bands...

RP-bad theyre like the Monkeys, i mean face it. as much as i always thought they were godhead, they ARE like the Monkeys. And i like the Monkeys.

BZ-in what way?

RP-RREE O'CLOCK are kind of ... they do some songs that are, like, forays into really deep and personal smotions and i love that about them.

RP-as real as real'...

RP-as real as real'...

RP-and they do some songs that, just, aren't that but thate their choice, you know? yesh, as real as real'...

RP-and they do some songs that is been so identified with L.A. that i'm curious about what kind of reactions youre getting in, you know, the real ampit... Detroit the armpit of Ohio, that cort of thing.

RP-Ohio was great.

RP-Cleviand was dynamits. we played with GREEN ON RED. did a great show, played a couple songs. with them and people loved it it was great.

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RP-Ohio was great.

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RP-Ohio was great show, played a couple songs. with them and people loved it it was great.

RP-i'd say the reaction has been really good, i mean, considering the fact that we're a band with absolutely no commercial hype behind us whatsoever. I mean a band that does not have that which is really good its a good way to really

a pair of Clark Walabees and a french cut cuff. checked trouse rs and a cigarette in hand. a white knit turtleneck fishermans sweat er. a 90's parkas bright orange and long. scraggly hair short and blown through wigth wind. paranoid gait and shifty eyes. sneer and pissed off. at you. cold stare. cold slashing guitar. tight spazz ed out jazzed out rock drumming burned throughout and beat from passion. fucking pissed off. twitchy neck and stiff from stimulants. snap cracking and tapping umbella. sharpened tip dipped in poison. more than enough money to blow. nothing not boring to blow it on. and shades like spades. the hard mod revenge is now loosed on the world...

-6-

## RITES OF SPRING

the sappiest letter of all time was sent out to guy pil when news came down the punk rock pike that rites of spring had broken up. . totally gratuitous but so what?

RITES OF SPRING May 1986 r.i.p (forever)

ERIC (me)-what were the circumstances that led to RITES OF SPRING's break up? How did it feel? I've been booted from bands and i always feel really paraboid, etcetera, afterwards.

GUY-RITES OF SPRING recorded a 4 song demo in January. A week later Hike Fellows decided he did not want to continue in the band. It was difficult to deal with, but we respected his decision. And feeling he was irreplacible, we disbanded: It did not 'feel' good, but we all decisioned we'd put our energies into something new and that helped Spring is now, not then, anyway. Its always NOW. The only thing left to do is DO. do is DO E and process of the Book of the yet? GUY-Eddie:bass and voice, Guy:guitar and voice, Bike Hampton:guitar and voice, Brendan:drums. No name yet, wait till July E-what would you honestly say are you bigg influences, both musicly and spiritually? GUY-The BEATLES.... and the Dischord influences, both musicaly and spiritually?

GUY-The BEATLES... and the Dischord

experience...

E-how is DC these days? Yet Another Unslanted
Opinion wine gives a real positive, post Rev.
Summer feel of DC. Are you into the big Mod
scene in DC?.

GUY-DC is in a drought period, a crimis which
exists only to be dispelled. With EMBRACE,
R O.S., etc broken up, and DAG NASTY loosing
its singer, its a definite low. The city
always housed great potential, so its now a
matter of time. The Mod scene is not real
focused, but more power to anyone who is
trying to try.

E-what was the most personally relevant thing
(as in your being opened up; scms truly
epiphanous thing) thats happened to you since
you became part of the DC scene? and do you
still feel punk is all worthwhile to you?

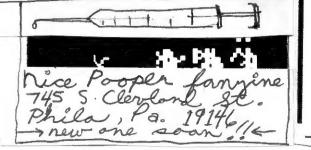
GUY-TC can not answer this question with any
degree of honesty. life is a process and all
the slices form the pie, to put it another
way. Punk must break itself over and over and
the name isn't worth half of the ideals that
preceded, postoeded and superceded it
anyway.........

E-and after that, DC started to suck, 



micheal fellows was an angel ...

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THEE SPEAKING CANARIES "songs for the terrestrially challanged" dbl LP (the non-hi fi version of course) (only on Mind Cure)

THEK SPEAKING CANARIES "songs for the terrestrially challanged" dbi IP (the non-hi fi version of course) (only on Mind Cure)

me and sharisa and mr. mind oure martin are growing hotter and bored as we sit in this tucking rock wan in the parking lot of the most expensive classy hotel in the parking lot of the most expensive classy hotel in the parking lot of the most expensive classy hotel in the parking lot of the most expensive classy hotel in the parking lot of the most oxpensive classy hotel in the parking lot of the most expensive classy hotel in the parking in my overflowing praise, but innered believe he was the sonly can cool snought to put this out the way he did, the version that he did. I mean, i mean it: i'm not lying like this is the best record put out in a million years, and wayne rogers can only help great things and great guitars. And wayne rogers can only help great things and great guitars, there are so many songs for the youth of today, to totally change their outlook. I go, i can see this record having the same effect as "You're Living All Over Ne" had. I meah i can see a million old kids totally getting into park in an esse a million old kids totally getting into park out of and into a first balls soundtrack es a jumping off point to a million new ways of hearing and laterning and seeing and living your jucking life. And new ways to use a bong. And new ways to hit a guitar in the basement. And new ways to incorporate a van halen record into your scholarly regimen, without being greas ahout it. A bright new soundtrack to a first summer away from home in the stupid city, or lazied away on punk rock porches of quiet college towns acress the green of Pa. or in the secret punk houses of the stoel towns on each end of the state; like a new days and the stoel towns on each end of the state; lake a new lays we may be a considered the sun is set it feels like it won't end every because your punk rock porches of quiet college towns acress the green of Pa. or in the secret punk houses of the stoel tow



speaking canaries photo

AVAIL "dixie" LP (lookout) even though its on this crappy label i can hypothesize with dangerously unscientific haste that this is the youth of today's very own "While You Were Out" LP. That this is the new generation's Soul Asylum '85/6; which is better than being anybody's Soul Side. But just like that druggle Relph Darden says, Avail does fuck up what could be great songs with the silly fast parts just like Soul Asylum did. Oh yeah, and they prove that John Cougar is to American Oi! what the COCK SPARER gay was to UK Oi! You can't bear Bear sitting around useless in the studio enough: I would have jumped that up in the mix... i mean his complets silence. (i'd turn him way down, or off even, at a show.) (if i were a' sound man'.) po box 666 saten's hollow, NoCalif 66666-

SPIRIT ASSEMBY / CAR VS. DRIVER split 7" (yuletide)
SPIRIT ASSEMBLY sound very real and ON, for ex-Amish
children. They got the Eastern Pa. mod emo sound, the Indian
Summer guitar pull, and the screaming with feeling vocal
back up that will floor you its so un-fake sounding. And
after that, and before it too, CAR VS. DRIVER can only suck
so fucking hard. Hand made packaging that must have given
someone carpal tunel, assembling records on the foor of
some locale in one of the punkest small towns in Pa. (easter
95) 95) 444 gail dr. nazareth ps. 18064

PHOTON BAND 7" (compulsive) art has orested one of the best color covers ever and one of the best inserts. the songs are wigged-out, drugged-out, fuck up r&b for the smoke-out hard mods, sounding as if it were recorded underwater, psych and trippy, this is bound to scare someone with less imagination right back to the matador resords in their collection, an open mind is a terrible thing, kids, don't do drugs.

(?) (go ask art for the adress) (8-2-95)

ANONYHOUS 7" (FOE) they finally got their shit together, moved to philadelphia and got a bassist and a drummer who aren't either cryptonazi skinheads or krishna herbalists... "hill to hill is thee Bethlehem escapee song. thats saying loads as Bethlehem is so fetishized on vinyl over and over again by bands that are not even from near there its the song to buy this for its about your eplitting the scene when you did, because you just had to; because you gotta get a move on... its kind of shameful that leff Turner recorded this like he couldn't have cared any less about it, but he's been sucking ever since 1986. Back on 43 & Baltimore, burning my own bridges back to bethlehem, or attempting to. Rakim was a little kid who lived up the street. He's on the label of the upcown hones LP. he was a little angel. And MY Rakim, my 'leaving home Rakim', would say, WHO SAID E!"... Dave is a pumping drummer, and this band is amillion times over better than his last. Schmitt still has the deep hard ass voice from Jessica. The pit of Sean Terrilliger in a dress could have been paired with a pic of him in white jeans, doce, a fred perry, braces and a bowler, but i quest that would have been left on the other side of the bridge. (po box 4 bethlehem, p. 1801666) (5-13-95)

pa. 1801666) (5-13-95)

PLOW / WESTOM split 7" (coolidge)
all this crap i write about Pa being so rad is only half
tongue-in-cheek, the cultural geometry of eastern Pa ien't
exactly just a myth, its more than a little real, and its
easter to wax romance and drunk than to talk to you about
specific 'songs' and how those songs 'sound', i mean can't
you tell that i don't know what to say? or how to
'critique'? and that spewing tangential impressionist
'reviews' SAYS MORE? but this is what PLOW UNITED sound
like; just as 'Pa,' as the flectric Love Muffin did when
they were good for a flecting 2 years or so, because they
are whacked out fast rocking punk songs with crazy whiny
guitar and the whiskey voice of the small towns that lost
their innocence to the Philadelphia suburban sprawl machine
spreading north like a strig mall take over; a
Montgomeryville Mall' Taco Bell / tract house / cul de sac/
uburban development hegemony, the drummer is a rocket, they
are supremely talented, so lets hope they don't get all laus
end square like the suburb culture their music trancends
WESTON are weston and "young Pennsylvania" proves all my
dreamy graduate theses, OK? (5-12-95)

GELCAPS 7" (compulsiv) more heavy water Frizz production destruction for the druggies in cool clothes... i'd be remise if i didn't clue you on the fact that the 'non-rock', Doug Anson trip hop songs from the Heth Lab sessions are better than the others; but you disagree anyway, besides, Simon is good on the drum and John Boothman is a Fillipino and he is accordingly good at computers...(6-27-95) (pp box p.u.n.k., phila. pa. 666) (actually, theres no address on the package)

on the package)

HOBART 7" (compulsiv)
sounds like adult contemporary '88/89 which means it sounds
like Dinosaur '87. or else it sounds like if Railhed weren't
so fucking annoying, and weren't doomed by a horrible
singer. Mac can indeed play gool lazy-ass guitar. Noel
Eabineave has the Coloman sound i grew up (again) with (1
Eabineave has the Coloman sound i grew up (again) with (1
mean, like i grew up TWICE, didn't you?)! and its not
disgraceful! even though the cover is not any sort of
masterpiece. (although what other word you might use to best
describe playing 'shows' with a band like Dandelion i do not
know!) (8-12-95)
send the loot: noel and linda's orash pad 5th & washington
phila, pa. 191666 (it'll get there)

phila. pa. 191666 (it'll get thers)

PHOTOE BAND "95" single (frizz products unitd)

to mod rish songs slap you silly like a red wine hang out in a

whatchouse on Wainut on a breezy chilly fall night in philadelphia.

"just get me there" featuring Art Frizz totally whaling like a guitar

negro man-child up the down stairs of swinging London, Jimi at his heels

asking for pointers! Seriouely, the fantastic rythmn is very lively and

moving, like a speed-binge desent booted dance party opening for the WHO

after playing above JOHN'S CHILDREN on a bill at the Marquee, just thee

most massive youth cult battles raging outside the door in Wardour

street like its Acklam Hall or something... Simon continues to impess

you with his incredibly INDUVIDUAL drum sylings, as if he taught

HINSELF how to play. And misto Gary rocks you like Ronnie Lane

(seriouely) throbbing the bases so full of soul and thick. "easy pop art

research commercial music" DEFINES the whole "flighty-heaviness" "eoul

base" nesthetic for those poseur KAPP fans who get too wasted to even

stay awake when they don't even show up for their gig! And the cover

art is a fantastic Art History Graduate School Thesis condensed like 100

yeare of evolution onto a ? inch piece of Kinkos copier trash!

IVICE "la mort heureuse" LP (is libre expression)
who the fuck knows what the guy is screaming about but right now, and
when youre all rammy and jumped up, it sure sounds OKAY! the recording
or production or whatever is pretty had but didn't you realize yet that
that can only help may heartfelt music? there are some very choice and
exciting mean-ass rocking jam-out parts in which the bass is a low and
flying, humming som monster demon, the snare a tight orisp SHACK and the
guitar a teary muscular pummeling turn on, all recorded down and dirty
like U.O.A kind of... And then the fucking trumpet or trombone guy just
totally takes off leading the show with a riff so simple, pure and tough
that youre like "fuck..." much akin to John Brhanon pursip his lips,
blow-fishing his cheeke like Louie Armstrong or whoever, and wailing
like a woif blow blow blowing your house down. i don't know, go steal it
from a distro kid if you want the real 'French-avant-hardoore' feeling
to perved your first listening, like some decadent artsy-faggy freak
planning art terroriem through promisouity, Huckleberry Finn and drugs
in Nontmartre. (i mean, you know what i'm talking about.) and the oover
jic is so good that its not completely wrecked by the computer

Sitting on the day of the time change to daylight savings, wideeyed and stoned in the late afternoon that feels even later now,
watching a sad fall drizzle slow-paint see through splatter paint
explosions on the window panes, listening in complete aws! to the
first song on the window panes, listening in complete aws! to the
first song on the new record. In complete fucking aws! then my
dancing days are done for good, and my mind skyward floats up and up
and over you. my feelings fly up and up and over you and i love
you... Tjinder does the ace production job like he's a goddamn
genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio
genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio
genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio
genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio
genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio
genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio
genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio
genius, making what you figure would be a zillion dollar studio
rooved on a multi national budget that doesn't sound like complete
salt because of it! I mean it can CRLY HELP you to hear all the cool
'new-rook' instrumentation! And the fucking lyrios, to that soung
general smart songwriting that sets you to film making in a hurry (and
what better compliment?). His voice on such songs recalls instantly
Mick Jones in his young boy-man glory, lost in supermarkets, longing
for friends long ago 'nicked', or even like the scene of 'stay free'
in Rude Boy where he gets all emo and teary. Or else the true
colors and the whole effect of the IP taken alltogether make you
instantly recall Sandanists if only those 4 guys, albeit supermen
instantly recall Sandanists if only those 4 guys, albeit supermen
instantly recall Sandanists for hy these 4 guys, albeit supermen
instantly recall Sandanists if only those 4 guys, albeit supermen
instantly recall sandanists if only those 4 guys, albeit supermen
instantly re

SPEED EILLS famine comp (w/ S.K. number 7) got this our FSA appears and the deal is just okay... but whatever, actually trying to achieve greatness will only result in failure, so of course its basicly a great song that sounds like sitting indian style on your bed with a 4 track and a few good sound ideas arrayed around you. And its probably like drizzling outside anyway. And this track makes the entire package worth the 5 bucks or whatever... Oh yeah, there is probably no more lackluster a band then Superchunk, and how great the PORTASTATIC song is totally proves it! Know what i mean? the fold-over half-cover continues to be thee packaging choice of the smart minds... Speed Kills box 14561 chicago IL. 60614

PALACE "viva last blues" LP (drag)

spend time driving around ocastal northen Haine with this as your
spend time driving around ocastal northen Haine with this as your
soundtrach. glide up and down twisty-turny mountain country roads over
salty cold marshes, brilliant blue pristine and clean heach scenes
surround you. locking skyward at endless deep blue heaven, or over
pinetree oceans ending at the water's edge, and hum or whisper or sing
"if i could fook a mountain, then i would fook a mountain" to yourself.
take your own sweet time driving back through bucolic autumn New
Hampshirs, Vermont, Western Massand and Eastern PA., gold and red and
orange leaves on sither side like God's Freedom Ride Driveway, head hung
in the window staring at your country rolling by, chimney and leaf fires
smelling like beauty up your nose, and hum or whisper or sing "New
Partner" to yourself, the mother loving southern sun delivering you home
like a loved one. show up at work on Monday morning refreiended as
refreshed can be, legs and arms rested, lungs full of choking sooty
northeastern industrial sir that can no longer do Your Highnaes anymors
fucking harm, and ride through city traffic like a fucking nut case all
day until you get a big jug of vine, and sing "Nork Hard of Play Hard"
really loud, dreaming of other escape routes because like always you've

MOSS ICOB "lubrous" "ID (warnifer)."

MOSS ICOM "lyburnum..." LP (vermiform) thank the divinity this came out, and not on some cheery label too! ...in which high priest John Vance unleashes the cathartic blast that was the true E.M.O., the 'letting all go forewer' trip that totally DEFINES IT! "freedom lover, we have found freedom, rest well under mother's warm wing. I have just now realized the wit's end liberation fly..." fuck, sincerity gets me off as do wiggy postios and sceaming words of hope of freedom and better lives, because what else is it all about anyway? (besides such distant songs being released on one convenient peice of vinyl, i mean.) vermiform po box 12065 Richmond Va. 23241

DING "97% genuine" (chumpire)
DING formed, greg screamed into microphones under his bed, played a
show or three, recorded this LP with Neaver and disapeared a day or so
before the scene Hitlers from the national fanzines Got The Point (i
mean they are usually the last ones to understand). this is an LP that
is almost as short as "Group Sex". This LP contains the orany guitar
agenda Greg has been honing and honing over the years, and his Sears six

string assthetic shines on brightly and more screams and roars sounding more and more like John Brannon, only more affecting since they're coming from such a gentle and soft spoken mouth as Greg's... words that comment on the fine state of Pennsylvania (i mean he doesn't sound like a retard when he screams a word like "sconomy"), alternative volleyhall team glory (akin to TEAM DRECSH track and field glory), and the squation of your past plus shyness davided by what your heart requires to live a full and fruiful life on earth... drums recorded like cardoord hox tops but thats not say theyre bad. And besides, the bass pretty much sounds perfect (i mean, i don't know what else Knabb would want to do with it.) Ad to this the usual Chumpire brand earnesthess and obvious sincerity, a fine cover drawing ripped off some Late 50's ' early 60's bestnick's drugs-and-decadence pross diary on a small Parisian press, printed on another fold-over half-cover, plus the fair price of 34 and you know instantly what you should do po box 680 Conneaut Lake, Pa 16316-0680

printed on another fold-over half-cover, plus the fair price of 34 and you know instantly what you should do.

po box 680 Conseant Lake, Pa 16316-0680

MAGIC HOUR "will they turn you on or will they turn on you" LP (Che)
Listen, Wayne Rogers is like Jesus Christ himself okay? and you need these records right now. You wit the productous and wonderous listening to the listing MAGIC HOUR sumparts at are so completely natural, wasting for the inevitable guitar at are so completely natural, wasting for the inevitable guitar that are so completely natural, wasting for the inevitable guitar shall not be also as a season of the cloudburst of feeling on a beautiful day spiriting and wars guitar chaos that flows so organicly forth like chees there was guitar chaos that flows so organicly forth like observables may save by the perfect and joyous and clear and fucking beautiful like there are young perfect and joyous and clear and fucking beautiful like there say wably perfect and joyous and clear and fucking beautiful like there say wably perfect and joyous and clear and fucking beautiful it is there say wably perfect and joyous and clear and fucking beautiful it is there say wably perfect and joyous and clear and fucking beautiful it is there say wably perfect and joyous and clear and fucking beautiful it is the market of the say of the say

UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMEGEDDON "switch is down" 12" (kill rock stars) you need this because the guitar is almost the toughest rock guitar since Jimi Hendrix or Live At Leeds and yes i mean that, man? I mean its so raw and minimal and tense like a real living, breathing rock moment, the drums in 'visible distance' kill you... this could have been the balto renaissance. (po hox 007 cool person drive clympia dukakis, wa. infinity) (4-14-95)

BLANK 7" (vermin soum)
more of the baltimore tough guitar renaissance. "guilotine lullabye" shows you around and the guy's voice i am positive, is gonna be the best yet. this may sound stupid or something, but its like the Afghan Whige a long time ago if they didn't suck or were cooler. i mean this really is rock music in the punkest sense of the word. (and soul.) (4-23-95)
Vermin Soum po box 22202 balto, MD. 21203-4202

THE HYSTERIES OF LIFE 7" (egg) got this the week of ohristmas dinner parties all across the scene and the week we found out oharles and sharon were gonna get married and that was totally fitting since this is the musk you want to play for your friends when you love them. i can go on and on about how enamoured i am of this, and how close in spirit and feeling it is to the first CLAY ALLISON record (that was like a complete epiphany to my li grade, puppy loving punk rook ears), and even how the must be the new Kendra Smith and Roback show for all the nineties romance poet kids, and how perfect and simple it is, and how besutiful the sleeve pic looks; but i Won't. i'll say for true that these 2 songs, "kira" and "allin" are the hest 2 songs i've ever gotten for free, and the only 2 songs, on the right kind of groovy-edge day, in the entire world (4-4-95) (po box 30253 indianapolis in 46230)

#### FOE RECORDS PO BOX 4 Bethlehem PA 18016 (payments to "Frank Pearn Jr.")

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FOE 005 Mr Yak 7" "14"s of Blinky" FOE 006(66) The 9ck ?" FOE 007 Follow Fashion Monkeys 7"

Sometime there after, whenever it's done thing ... Grieving Eucalyptus/Walter Krug 7" Plus many other surprises ...

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HICKS VILLE HOGWASHI
HICKSVILLE HOUSE NO. 28 HICKSVILLE HOUSE HOUS SKUNK COMIC "Psychede It graphics Triends by Mr. ugiy and
Friends by Mr. ugiy and
Humanity)
Humanity
HICKSVILLETTENS COMPILATION
17 27 nemember to add money for bost and packaging I think about 3 or 4 duid should sold the sold should sold the sold sold th

UNITED STATES THREE 7" (sqg)
its amazing to think about until you really think about it, how totally
influential 5:30 were on this side of the atlantic. "resonate with me" is
the inevitable take on 5:30's take on the Jam and "thats the way it is" is
the powering, eme filled sub-blues guitar burn out. (4-17-95)
(po box 30253 indianapolis in 46230)
GHNSEL Nothing New FP (gern blandsten)
gern and gravity are the only 'pro' labels these days' get the tight
clothes out because this is the 5:30 revival you hoped would happen when
they got orumby and un-med after the first single. thats not to say that
this is as great, because it isn't. but, fuck! compared to most bands that
play rote, conventional pop rook songs, this is the breathing fresh air of rethe modern world of sourse the GUY - RECORDED songs are the best ones.
and the guitar toggle switch wiggling is a welcome sound, so the next time
some fat are with a beard and sandles and jean shorts tries to tell you
what up, alsah at his neok with your sharpened chrome med comb; pop sone
speed and osll the dork a fucking hippy; with eyes wide from simulants and
soffee, kick him in the groin like he's a rooker on the sand and stare
out train windows, rain dripping down them, singing "sea and sand" to
yourself over and over in your head, out of your hain on the 5:15,
heading to the ocean to fucking kill yourself because everything is so
completely fucked, and god, please kick the neo-dead heads out of the
scene already, before anyone else sende me a Downoast promo because rap
metal really sucke. (8-21-95)
(305 haywood dr. paramus nj 07652

CLIKATAT IKATOWI Orchestrated and Conducted by LP (gravity) ach herky-jerky and the advent of you Penthouse)

CLIKATAT IKATOWI Orchestrated and Conducted by LP (gravity) after a few listens, after a good psychedelio bong hit, this is made completely clear, there are so many choice spazzed out moments of guitar bases and drum oathereis on here it is almost incredible, after a good psychedelio epiphany with this, on a mellow summer evening, even the guy's voice is no longer annoying, but totally fitting; and no, it is not the pretensious spazz out you think you heard the first time you listened to it or the first time you saw the ad, but very life affirming, if you grew up lowing fucked up SoCal youth outlear, hearing that the California kids are still insane manic depressives. I guess theyre all junkies and crystal meth freske co or acomething, but gravity continues to be the best label around. The pio inside is fucking occl, even though today's HC audiences always look like fresked out scarecrore. (i mean, the best thing about old southern california records was always the crowd shots of guys in sweaters and crew outs and vans and jeans and black eyes either sailing over the crowd, flannel shirt 'kit' flapping in the wind, or watching it, with backs turned to the band, wondering when they'd get slammed into from

SPACEMEN 3 "spacemen are Go!" (bomp)

there was no better song ever written than "sound of confusion" and when you saw it listed on the back you bought this. you shouch beek and skip to it, you can hear the tinkling of champagae glasses, the pitter patter of puncers filing in and out, the sameonite chairs Jason and Sonic are sitting in oreaking when they rock back and forth, and the sound of a German audience in 1989 entranced and in love. and "confusion" flows effortlessly into "i believe it", and then "lord can you hear whe", and the room sounds so quiet and holy, like midnight Christmas eve. and you can picture it so easy, because you know as well as i do that the closest you'll ever come to religion is seeing a three feet from your face... and its pretty apparent now, after hearing peak, (and who would have though? certainly not me and Andrew Clees "this line up from this year, that the "playing with fire" era was their wasting away late summer afternoons at the Benjamin Harrison squat with in complete shambles, Big Greg on tour with the Serial Killers only days as you have and killing us, and me about to split the scene and estape any consequences, flying off to a semmester in London.) (and as him the middle of a cavernous and empty University of London Union, and moments later hy SPACEMEN 3 themselves, Rosso James winking at us strings with the EXACT SAME demeanor as Mike Fallows on the RITES OF dry ice, the whole bend riding that one note duck taped down on the key the utter superiority of their country blues / gospel tunes (the ones board streight into Jesus is loved to a selection of the sides of our heads by THEE HYDNOTICS first. For the shind the FEACT SAME demeanor as Mike Fallows on the RITES OF dry ice, the whole bend riding that one note duck taped down on the key the utter superiority of their country blues / gospel tunes (the ones with out all the noise) was proven ones and for all....)

ALTAIN BROTHER'S ALMANAC number 2
it has finally come out, earned Art his post-grad degree and made a
million people who should be happy even happier. Art lets it hang out,
lets his ideas loose into the free market... the big treatises this
issue are about as heart felt as fanzine words will get, meaning they
are super-personalized opinion pieces with hardly a nod to what the
scene Hitlers already think. it mean who in the nation writes research
them again; proving the creative process is a symbiotic one involving
nut only the tree falling and the ear hearing it, but also that same ear
and the young)? or the fucking dEALERS (like anyone else would even huy
don't know, i love Art and Kathy and you should too, since the Chinatown
(send money to the adress elsewhere in here.)

Some is soon to influence your every calculated move toward hipness. (send money to the adress elsewhere in here.)

CAP B. JAZZ LF (man with gun)

people like Relph FRANKLIN Darden and Adam Repurcussion dig this band, and they are good people. much like GAUGE but only better! and maybe the closest any singer has come to John Vance (MOSS ICON) in the sincere young post-man voice department. I mean when he's going 'young human so close, and the best ones are instantly reminiscent of "moth" and 'just heep getting better and better until towards the end they are so fucking impossibly good! and yes the 'YES Action' is happening just like gauge, but better. maybe its like a true rendering of some massive history of us, the history that starts with Huck Finn and lights straight out into Indian Country, past bluegrass forefathers and West Virginia dulcimers, ruching right along with Kerouac traveling back and forth digging basioly the exact same righteous Americana (you know; the taking you right up to Moes Icon getting loose and soreaming stream of cool, non-opressive and good things the squares are quick to forget), consciousness peems to God. Iske if maybe Shannon Moon were cooler or more punk when he was a kid, and therefore more into Jon vance instead so much fucking JOY and LIBERATION and an obvious LOYE OF SINGING HIS count in the liberation of the start with the start would you want to hear the singer in your band ginging? and how else would you want to hear the singer in your band ginging? and about angels, cats, human beings, fish fry parties on Fridays etc.? And when finally he's going 'Sugar, gimme that smile", and the basing hour arter singing words about angels, cats, human beings, fish fry parties on Fridays etc.? And when finally, he's going 'Sugar, gimme that smile", and the basing words as word how he would you want to hear the singer in your band: part your lover and you're totally rules. And the singer in your bane from your contingency and how else would you want to hear the singer in your bane. Th

BUSKER DU Now and Zen (hoppin buddah) complete package of Zen Arcade outakes stolen from some great source. sounds fucking fantastic with nary a production value in sight sounds like the Rites of Spring LP which is of course what Rites of Spring wanted anyway. sounds like the very genesis of the EMO HISTORY and it fucking is because Zen Arcade is the most important rescord in the history of the hardcore kids so tense and romango-mysteriose and freaked out and serious they explode and cry and stoetera. If you don't get this then your grad school thesis on the secret history of eac will be missing THE HOST CRUCIAL PRIMARY SOURCE in the bibliography and footnates. You will get an F. (no address on this boot, order it now from Underground Medicine distro) (4-6-95)

Record French School in the School order it now from Underground Redicine distro) (4-6-95)

DREAM SYMDICATE Before The Days Of Wine And Roses (easy) the show that heralded the triumph of the paieley underground. (and, as an aside, the history of the Paisley Underground is truly a 'quantum' history: on the third - or fourth, depending on what youre counting-Three O'Clock record, there is a song called "Simon underwater with tentacles", or something, or another song called "Simon underwater with tentacles", or something, or another song called "underwater", which obviously prophecied the advent, 10 years later, of the dEALERS and the beer sodden Frizz studie scene and all those good underwater sounding production jobs that only the legitimate rock bands that recorded there could use to their advantage, the others just sounding like shir regardless of wherever they might record i mean it was Simon's clutry fucking tentacles that dropped and exploded a full beer all over the 16 track board the very first night of the very first Frizz session, which was a dEALERS' session.) i remember being at this show, it was crowded with all the luminaries: everyone was a post-La hardcore druggis in a paisley shirt, but with Black Flag heach stoner ethics and a qualude demeanor. it was wonderful. Steve Wynn, and this is of lourse way before they got so lame in a year or two, sounds so incredibly high and mollow when he talks with you. Precoda deles out the massive codes proving to the jaded anti-hardcore La scenesters of the day that both him and Ginn were like the 2 paths ohe had to choose from; like a fork in the woody path of bucolic american rook quitar. Or the 2 paths you could somehow BRIMG TOSTTERR like Charles O'Connor. If i really did put this out i would sure as hell have left out the mainstream-swaying covers, and not make it look like some fucking Tom Petty LP or something. But i didn't. ( And i would have gotten as own of wood would allow the path of the complete on the day of the emergency third rail power trip" and

MOWER QUEEN the remarkable effects of vaccination EF (catsonbricks) know absolutely nothing about this amazing band except that the guy at Rotate This in Toronto esys they come in all the time and are really cool kids, and that beth picked it out because the cover is cool; a piece of yellow silk silk screened on both sides, and that they're from Toronto, and that Toronto is kind of a pretty cool town, and that this weird band sound sort of like WINGTIP SLOAT or some how like some kind of Canadian version of old PHANTON TOLLEGOTH, and that they have the everpowering rythmm guitar 'whose' of live DUSTDEVILE (i mean it sounds like a really big re-tuned accustic guitar with pickups duct taped to it) (and i don't mean the guitars are distorted, our they hardly are), and they have a very clevel drummer holding it together, and a tinkling some inter; the evocative INDIAN SUMMER guitar-string-strung-pretty intro. and drum and guitar interplay that sounds like 20 pairs of chopsticks having chopstich fencing matches simultaneously at a big table full of friends in the window seat of the coolest restaurant in Chinatown, and how the lights of the street outside come in, illuminating sharp dressed asian gang kide walking by fast in packs smoking oigarettes from outped hands, and square yuppies' faces hunched over in concentration checking out the menu by the door, and mayio old men that stand there reading Chinese newspapers in the light of a yellow street lamp in the night, completely lost but to some set of important rules entirely of their own making, their own secret set of the rules of living (8-26-95) (50 borden st. toronto, ONT. ms 2m9 canada) HOWER QUEEN the remarkable effects of vaccination EP (catsonbricks)

POUMORS "new SE" single (think)

"poumons" means 'lungs' and that is a cool name for your cool band, beth
picked this out because of the beautiful cover: a totally pretty
photograph of them, half sleeping, sitting there lazily and confused, soft
and blurred, with a fine matter finish, glued to a red piece of Canadian
construction paper, the information hand-written with a black marker,
wielded clumsily... along with the MOWER OUEEN record, easily the best 7'
purchases of the summer of 95 no doubt. "new SE" has the heavy sound of
sloppy blocked mod. and the mean rythmn stutter almost, of "when the night
falls" by the SYES or some song by THE UK BIRDS or THE KINKS except that
its happening now and they are way more tranced out (as in tranqualizers),
way more sleepy sounding, the cool thing is they can hardly play, and they
sound cool while playing hard, and the guy sounds cool and sused while
singing, and some lyrics are sung spelled out, and some are just long
"whoo's" that carry farther, go to Windson Chtaric and search them out,
buy this from them, go through their record collections, tell me whats in
them, get them to move to Philadelphia, and stop listening to orap.
seriously. (I'm sorry but its like i almost instantly hate anything that
sounds like it was created in a normal studio. I mean, i hardly listen to
anything but tapes of shows booted on the walkman and the few records i
buy now and then. so what? I am HIGH fi and proud, you just don't
understand my thing, man.) (and the dealERS are doing a song called 'high
fi and proud' based on the music of HALF LIFE's "united and strong" no
shit.) 1005 villaire ave, winder or nario NSS 217 (6-27-95)

EASTERN WOODS RESEARCH "Original Woods" frameset EASTERN WOODS RESEARCH "Original Woods" frameset i've messengered on about a zillion different frames, both road and mountain, and i am both qualified to, and totally serious when i say that this one is the best yet, don't worry about me being biased since my little brother makes these things, because it transcends that, a long front sad, 12.5 inches of bottom bracket olearance, quick geometry, and the integrity of hand crafting, what the fuck? you expect me to ride a Trek? or a mass-produced Cannondale? I may as well buy major label records... essentially the frame is designed for (stock) trials. so of causes its very responsive and quick and stiff which is as it better fucking be while hauling between lines of traffic, seeing your hole and shooting into it in the 3 seconds it exists. its fucking strong of course,

-10-

considering the massive triangulation of the STEEL tubes it looks like a suspension bridge, with its 4 triangles and tons of stand over height an it looks pretty punk in understated purple glitter, with "cornershop" in green Baskerville on the top and down tubes hand crafted in Bethlehem Pa, land of engineers (8-3-95) (eastern woods research 945 Honacacy st Bethlehem, Pa 18018 610 868 9331)

THE RAIN PARADE Emergency Third Rail Power Trip (enique) is have a genuine fondness for psychodelic music, having been around to play it and listen to it in the mid sixties consequently, i wanted very much to like this album i mean, its get a neat cover, hip title, the band looks good, and they have a groovy name, but theres a few things that bother me the sound, though good, is too samilar from out to cut its what you might get if some rook and roll geneticist grafted genes from The BEATLES "rain" onto The ASSOCISTION's "pandora s golden heebie geebies, that is, nice harmonies over mid tempo jangle this is psychedelic rook from the barcqueffelk vein rather than the punky-bluesy-hopped-up-on-pille school the tamborines and twelve strings are all there in the right places, but so what' if yours going to work in a style thats been done well and documented heavily, you have to contribute something new the promo sheet says that the drummer has an avant garde background, and that another guy is a classical violinist with heavy chops so where is it? thats what psychedelia is all about these guys have the right stuff if they can learn to lighten up and kick ass once in a while may I suggest

Vrtacek writing in OP magazine, issue # V (which means he knows

wTHGTIP SLOAT obewy foot" LP (VMF)
just get it its like the best looking and coolest feeling DC record since
UNRSST's first "Tink of SE", (i mean thats a DC high-water mark that has
yet to be topped, which it looks like even, hand made covers with stuff
glued and taped to every single one its the total 4 track art rock
happening in the metro suburbs soney you could call Corky (as opposed to
quirky theres a difference, in the ofmomeome count) when you are
feeling lazy or literary eougs with literary titles whence yours not
perhaps the best instances of the real Haryland / Virginia emo jam, the
melody-bass-led stoner meanderings that are instantly evocative of
goodness when theyre done right since like MOSS ICON wig outs, or The
HAFED or anoient UNREST ("over the life" being the very first SELFCONSCIOUS' who sony or "Am sometimes you will think the is new
PORK/CRASHING BORM (or whatever they ended up being called before they
split), considering the rate at which they were progressing hack then (i
mean naivete was their god given right and gift) but then you get that
corrupted feeling suggesting that its all a loke and % S are way more
cynical than they want you to believe, even though the beatnick leanings
are the balls, daddy WHF box 7365 fairfax station VA 22039 (7-23-95)

STILL LIFE slow children at play" 8" (rhetorio) the new 8 inch format sweeps the scene; Still Life are getting better with age and it shows "the push and the pull" sounds like THE LANGHING HYNNAS did live in me and andy a basement at 43xd and batternore 7 years ago, although S L's world view is alot less dark of course the lyrios to "small" sound so resigned and genuine and cool when you read them on paper sans the music he should have just spoken them over some loud shirily recorded version but its still a huge operating quitar cong it has slow parts i mean it approaches The Canaries almost nometimes (where really stoned on the floor in the window of a warm lone) day on your own thinking shout the people you loved like you can only do through the rosy glasses of the past) (that is if you can imagine this sounding way better, is vay less, produced) (9-1-95) (ok, ''ll tell the Laughing Myense story Andy was in Jamaica at the time, swimming and getting stoned view in the stone was that we were in all kinds of shit already because the insolution of the livenes first tour idon t even know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon t even know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon teven know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon teven know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon teven know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon teven know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon teven know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon teven know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon teven know if the record was out not hely ensue first tour idon the sent help the continuous of the liveness of the sent of the liveness o

in Detroit all the time he had such a cool quiet voice (9-11-95)

SIDESHOW "lip read confusion" LP (fly daddy)
who knows why its not strictly a Caulfield deal but two things are
made certain 1) Sideshow have the finest rythmn section in rook today
no bullshit fake jazz be drummer boy pretense, posturing and clothes
needed at all since Paul Tiedale is already simply playing jazz
truchfully like you post-N C U posuers wish you could, but no amount of
Art Blakey-in-your-record-collection revisionism will ever allow you to
like you're really some hig fan) the base on some of the songs sounds
like well-timed commo punches to the gut, knocking you to there the
drums and bass together is a thing of beauty and is wanns see them live
Bernie's voice is almost better than the last LP even the guitar is
finally well recorded (you can hear it in all its places), a trebly
violous abrasion that still totally takes off and soars the wellting
mantra rook-out jams in songe like "option refused", "camp sunnyside" and
the tittle track will fly you over the Nebraska countryside higher and

nigher in a huge slow blimp, looking down on the patchwork of cornfields, wheatfields and crop circles below, on the sunniest, laziest day in the world i mean like staring out in rewells, face present to glass in a dirigible s cabin looking down on the world and the end of gripe" is one of the best groowing falme-out ramming punk rook rave ups ever, the power trie working correctly together, loocmoting and flying like some machine but of course i wish it weren't so produced and shiny, and thats not to imply that its hollow or thin sounding, but that it should have been way less so and thats the other thing made certain who knows? (You wanne know who knows? Cardinori knows when he goes "when the recording process for an independent label rwlease is shaped to honor air play imperatives rather than rook imperatives the end result is generally neither ") (from his Libertarian-esque opus Rook and The Fop Narcotio) (in which he says other very welcome anarobo-libertarian things like (concerning BLACK FLAG) "their decision not to police the sudience from the stage was a sober one made with respect for freedom and the ability of people to reach a more perfect harmony only in the context of that freedom " And, concerning the artist s place vis a vis co-option! seduction through Big Brother government grants/handouts "when state subsidies to the arts increase, the anti-social virulence of the resulting art also increases becuse subsidized need even further to prove that they are not kept artists the seduction they ought be concerned about is the one which leads free adults to be wards of the state " and, on slitist fanzines and their imperialist drive for oultural seem begemony "democracy the free market are subversive of elites and so rightly considered a threat to them." I mean go buy the book, or steal it from Borders, before Maximum Rook and Roll and Beart Attack ban it in the underground nation (even the tree of course some worse writing in it to embarased about!) So anyway! thank the Corn Field God its not a major

FIXING SAUCER ATTACK "further" (drag city) the saddest songs you ll ever hear . the rainlest rainy day songs for staring out drippy windows to strests below, or straight ahead at blurred landsoapes in dreary England, the drugs finally wearing off slowly orasing hard and empty, but the sun glowing orange rising between the trees, it will soon be morning this is the make love music for all the smoked out HC's taking over the scene fast. The anti-modern modern-esque cooteau twin psych home taped in the potting shed, the bad thoughts inside your head, turned good and twiddling the duals on the Tascam 4 track theres lots of guitar sounds that sound like crickets in your small town back yard at night in the hieght of summs varmth laryness, and how inherently magical that is, exactly like Carson Macullers you fuck! lots of bushed singing whispers like theyre sung by a man scared of what you'll think of him now lots of space ship take off whirms past beshives in hazy fields and more space/time experimentation that will have you dizzy or passed out depending on what sort of drugs you just gobbled down or shot up your butt IT IS JUST AN ENTIRELY BEAUTIFUL PACKAGE of songs, photos and feelings (we re driving through the night in the DAREDEVIL van and Peroy Peresponko looks at the interior and goes, "FSA sticker on the dash Awsome" ") (i mean they were reving on and on about them all night ) (i mean they did steal a couple hundred FSA records in every city they visited) (and so thats why you can t find these anywhere!) (9-13-95)

"Eucelyptus" comp ?" (tree) pretty cool package job two records in a seven inch gatefold with pages but out of the 6 bands on this, 4 suck and of the remaining 2, the INDIAN SUMMER thing was released elsewhere and the CURRENT number isn't that great at least they spent alot of money on the project, pumping cash into a punk rock economy dising from way too muck keynesian tinkering, and the centralized control of the outture brought on by the conspiracy that there are just 2 or 3 national fanzines with hardly any regional sues, with almost zero blatant localism, a 'top-down outtural political economy that may as well be Stalin s Russia (8-13-93) " comp 7" (tree)

UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMEGEDDOM 12" (gravity) the die out over shows off the celorful beautiful labels the silk screens on the cardboard are smudged and homey the three songs are the dirty power rook guitar freek out that outs so fucking deep and heavy that you already know its gonna be something you wish to hear resily loud it total soul sgain and totally soulful and you know you re gonna by it at an IP price because you know three songs of theirs are worth as much according to any fucking criteria as 23 songs by, oh, i don't know, The Swinging Utters? i mean even just for the goddam guitar, let alone anything else.

nything else. B-13-95)

fanzines, you know those things

MICE POOPER doesn't come out enough but what good fanzine does? andy talks alot of truth and alot of funny in the last one but homestly, the prospect of a Strapping Fieldhands tour diary as promised on the cower might make the scenesters apprehensive about ploking it up at the Barnes and Noble (or where ever fanzines come from) : mean, you know that that particular band just played with some hands, got paid and fell asleep right there i mean theyre not the FARIUCUS STAINS on the road or anything i mean you know there won t be any cool on the road - out the window observations like lee Renaldo's ancient beaturk diary in that issue of Forced Expoure which was like the greatest tour diary ever written but those some hands that started placing the zine neatly back on the shelf are suddenly drawn in by the terrific shot of a 10 year old Junior flanked by the Minni Yues starte in savage pink, and they plok it back up, this time determined to blow their last dollar on what they hope will be candid photos of some hot pedophile action featuring big don johnson and his mulatto sadekick! who says the philadelphia scene is prucish and anti alternative sexuality! too bad the chickenhawks will be disappointed but only briefly because they will soon be digging andy a excellent recounting of going to shows (is a futile and romantic endeavor unfess wested or lucky enough to see the rare good band or Dan Gill beating the shit out of that nax! Calvin Johnson), the recorded rock experience (reviews written that actually try to out to the matter), and the various millions of earth shettering things that happen in the scene every suspense packed day (precious insevure 'rock band' members want to beat him up for telling the truth) next issue will have photos of City Paper, uh, witters' with smiles on totally kiesing his ass

CHUMPIRE is the didactic (or is that pedantic) voice of Greg Knowles \$50 is the usual piece of paper covered with Greg's sometimes achingly honest, sometimes almost embarnssing, oft times right on, observations both personal (the heart fell and queezy) and 'scene-political' (the right-on) but \$50 elso includes photos of seminal FA bands (of recent years) on cardstook personal year on our out them out during Spanish class instead of listening to the teacher, getting a head start on tonights homework from Mobile Making class you'd be a flaming retard if you didn't get £ both figuratively and literally (greg s taking a permanent job out near Kine Pa so expect yet another scene to pop up there, just like Emporium, St Mary's, Westlavn, ad nauseum i mean, he is organization!) (wait here it is' po hox 680 conneaut lake, ps ! 16316-

LITTLE BROTHERS ALMANAC will be coming out shortly you hope i mean, don t you dream about more famines while walking around the caty? more famines that read like the phd dissertations you would write if yours was really a ploaresque traipse through your own brean and its place in a particular rock scene; realizing you are surrounded by tons and tons of manifestes signs, hand made by Art, and billboards and marquess and manifestes and fiyers, concluding rightly that the crowded city is like a book you wander through, so full of WORDS at every turn, from every angle, trying to get you to buy things, rent things, do things, not do things, care about things, be things, pretend yours being things, excetera (1 philadelphia, 19105

THE ICK, ANONYMOUS, CAR VS DRIVER at Cabbage in the summer got the red wine emo on my sleave like my Tuoking feelings, man and down the front of my shirt got there late and aimost missed THE ICK Rooky always warms up the orowid because he looke like a happy go lucky leperchain street urohin boy a Huck Fann guy smiley kid what the fuck, theyre not as good tonight as the mellow seesions greg Ox recorded, but when were they ever? ANONYMOUS comes out of the dressing room and sean is wearing women s clothing which is a good point-counterpoint to the rest of the straight edgers in baseball cape, tattoos and vans they are really Ox and frenzied tonight But when Dave, harton and Sohmitt take off their shirts, and when Amon puts on his fake glasses, offending everyone who noturally needs them, and when he starts striking Sook Of It All poses, the 13 NICE POOPER reporters and photographers in attendance dissappear fast out the door. While everyone 'siee just tries to get even closer to the band Sohmitt looke like he's about to bust Dave looks like some mother flooking monster smashing at drums with hig splintered tree trunks and then, i don't know, i guess we were all fucked up or something, or we got abducted, but there is no memory of CAR VS DEIVER in the hard disk of my mind unless of course my digital brain wants to spars me horrible, traumatic, depressing sights (if you still wanna know what i thought perhaps you could hypnotize me')

Bernaps you could nyphocize mer;

HUGGY BEAR, POLICY OF THREE and some other punkers at the Villiage
People's YMCA, spring 95
pouring down dirty cold rain, the city pisses on me, beth, andy, elysis
and sean terwiliger and joe all night sean was so fucking loaded that he
doesn t even know he went to this show we spent a few hours exploring
dripping red brick alleys in Chinatown, smcking ginseng odgarattee and
watching the rain slant through the light of street lamps, jugs of wine
going glug dug we sat around on the floor of the hall and grew
increasingly cynical borsed we watched sean roll over and they not provided
gallons of whee and gin we watched him roll the other way like nothing at
all out of the ordinary just happened we watched the punkers clean up
both him and it, like he was some writer god at a Deathick bachanal, the
adoring girls hoping to make his short stay with them here on earth that
much more pleasurable then we figured we had better get the fuck out of
there

THE dEALERS, HERCHEL, UN and a cast of mullions at the Hall Of Justice Nace Pooper columnists and copy editors got the dEALERS (us) wasted before we even left me and beth's pad but when we got there, the first equiptment unpacked and plugged in were the jugs of red wine, out on the red wood deck where the rook was to take place HERCHEL proceeded to turn up and up and play has cool weird electro songs for the engineering students of Drexel it filled the air people who should know better were eating raw hamburgers the host was trying to make us all pay the admission price, but perhaps he shouldn thave dropped \$500 on meat and shiehkabobs or let everyone else in free the sun was at the perfect angle with the earth, the sky was crange in the twilight, a breeze kiozed up and blew over the show going shoegazers out on the deck, then and only then did we start playing the first deal since Charles split to the north it was psychedelio and warm Junior kept putting pot pipes in front of our faces the animal was wrestled from raw sound and soulpted into angels tumpets and dead's trombones right endrew clees puked his guts out all over Herschel's stuff and on the steaming charcoal grille, people just sort of spatula-ing it off their burgers and on to other thier enemies, (after the set i laid on the people how we had LPs for sale they stared at me, or yelled for "red wine emo", or Jam covers, as if they did not hear a word i said Charles slouched dazed on his stool, his heart torn completely from his hody Simon politely tried to make way for the UN drummer aiready setting up his rock equipment tervilinger got a beep from HIS dealer and split to cop we split soon ourselves, the rambunctious Powelton Village Oi' scome left far hehind )

Powelton Village Oil scene left far behind )

WESTON, GARDEN VARHETY and the Punks Of Philly Revue at a hall on 4th & Lomband, 8-19-95
walked to the show with Fugazi fans from France people were pissing in alleys all over Society Hill some bands from Cali were playing when we arrived they blew in the olique i hang with Dave Weston was doing impersonations from every youth movie ever made. Then he led a discussion group on the futility of any attempt to top Over The Edgs in terms of youth oult filmsking greatness there was absolutely no dissension, even from the kids who now live their lives according to "Kide" And then as a capper he did a few Christopher Walken impersonations (from The Dead Jone and The Dear Hunter), concluding his pop outture spiel to tremendous applause, and hours of it everyone in Philly wanted to see Garden Variety because they supposedly all look like junior Art DiFurias And one of them really does the drummer looks and sounds like a younger Frank Lave Muffin! Cambell they were pretty good but it kept turning around, alternately watching the punks playing tag, and the Frenchies falling asleep on the gym floor they came to the U S romanticly in search of American Hardoore, thinking that elusive thing was to be found at Fugazi shows at places like the Trocadero or something on well, there always better things to do and better places to sleep, like right ofteids the shining in the streetlights

HOSE GOT CABLE at Cabbage in October1995
another rainy day dream away turns into night except that this night its really fucking pouring and Jason Kitschochec, Elizabeth, Jen Egg Tolk, Andy Nice Pooper and Noel Hobert are all hanging out getting the red wins emo injection straight into their hearts with the help of a brand new Double Song Bag so it was fitting that we came upon Rodney Emo Motherlover talking motorcycles in the pissing down pour with a very beautiful aquaintance And it was fitting that we came upon Rodney force marijuans on us, i mean he would not take no for an answer but thank god since H GC were something terribly great to watch through these starry eyes' they were totally intense People like Injah Darden say you don't need any stimulant to enjoy a band and its like 'no shit', who ever said you did i just dig most things that free up your head to hopefully aid in your further enjoying anything more deeply, wether that may be a band firsking out live like its all that exists for that moment in time, or playing guitar like its the only thing in that moment that is of any consequence, or making love as if anything else could possibly matter so, uh, whatever is guess i enjoyed the rock show more than anyone else almost, and probably alot more than homeless guy that broke the window or whatever and i enjoyed splashing through every puddle on every corner on the walk home down 21st street

MERCY RULE at Lehigh University in Bethlehem (south side) one honest night in early June iguess LV punks were in Philadelphia catching a Weston show at some big dumb hole. Not enough people in the pit we hung around on the MR YUK porch taking in a gentle breeze, hoping to miss all the other bands. Hight broke and we went up the mountainside. Newmeyer introduced the band like he was some high hot shot host or something. And Mercy Rule processed to turn the guitar up to li! I don't know, i guess most punkers think they re too whimpy or wholesome or taylor can fucking wait out the power waitz guitar rev, tugsing your fucking heartstrings, like a big heavy truck winding out a gear, like a fucking loud bappipe death wail for the living it think Heidt is like the coolest rook woman around (which isn't exactly the highest praise considering all her fucking square company) (and she looked cooler last summer in her Muntington Seach 81 girl's kilt) the newer songs are all rook and roll slowness and power trio power the between song banter was songaing and its cool to see people sing along with words that are allright, but the number of ambulances stopping by to pick the mangled bodies off the floor was getting creepy so we oplit to cash at my Knight s first races at the Lehigh County Velodrome

2/3 photons under candy bridge

PROTON BAND, DRUG EMPORIUM and VIEROLUX AST at the 4 gs. Sochlohem

9.8. Sochlohem

10.99. Sochlohem

10.99 vas as heeding northy was a social to but that gigantic and alwanzonden ti have guessed it but that gigantic and alwanzonden ti have guessed you with such grace on ti 10.99 vas as heeding northy was from Floriday to the Catakills like it didn't occur to them that perhaps you was the selling this drive-away our from Floriday of people, roop of the catakills like it didn't occur to them that perhaps you was a should it load someone slees car full of people, roop or green the catakills like it didn't occur to them that perhaps you was any and to load someone slees car full of people, roop and the people of the catakills like it didn't occur van says art I just vanna get there add his deet cour van says art I just vanna get there add his deet cour van says art I just vanna get there add his deet cour van says art I just vanna get there add his deet to the course of the course of

yelling that drums are not electricly powered and that there is no danger, so the girls relax and sink back down into the bubbles. But, of course, the computer chip in the floor tom short directits and the gun powder/magnesium/fertilizer/gas fuel mix in the bass drum explodes, sending a shower of blood bubbles out into the 500 strong crowd. Then Simon runs out the door, like he's just had some massive eme breakdown and has to go pull his eyes out in the confield. But suddeelly a tremendous rumbling is heard from without. Suddenly the wall beside the pool table starts shaking! Suddenly the wall beside the pool table starts shaking! Suddenly the wall beside the pool table starts shaking! Suddenly the wall beside the pool table starts shaking! Suddenly the wall beside the pool table starts shaking! Suddenly the wall beside the pool table starts shaking! Suddenly the wall beside the pool table starts shaking! Suddenly the wild starts the first starts shaking! Suddenly the victorial starts shaking!

LUTION SUMMER 10 year anniversary



daredevil: xdruggies in cordsx

THEE SPEAKING CAMARIES at a roast beef lunch cart in olde City, july 12. imagine warming up to the cart with the thought that nothing could be better than a slippery roast beef sandwich, money in hand to give to the Black Hole guy (he knows how to do 'the beef' just right), when he lays on you that the Canaries are playing! in mean its so fitting that its the tenth anniversary of Revolution Summer! one of the two beads you felt you just had to see before it changed to Degredation Winter! so of course we took off to miss the first band. Upon returning it is evident that the Canary drummer is wearing a vintage GOVERNMENT ISSUE tee! So the 6 people who actually care that the Canaries are playing rush the stage and ask politely for a few G.I. govers; like "perhaps, cid chap, the entire" Joy Ride" LP?" Damon lightly touches a string, as if it were the most fragile piece of golden angel hair, and immediately everyone's ears are totally blown out, broken and bleeding profusely all over the club! And then he starts playing a song! houses and houses" and into "guitars for a helocaust" and our ears are now soon lost for good, the new song is a long fucking rad rook opera. Sometimes its guiet and pretty like the most expensive, vintage red wine emo Sometimes the as if the got drunk and started playing a GUITAR like a percussion instrument, instead of a piano, until his fingers got all bloody. The guy from HURL is a pretty brilliant drummer sometimes, and sometimes he whacks the drums like he really means something in doing it. Everyone said the guy on the bass was Karl Hendricks but it was really a fill in making his off broadway debut. Percey Perspenance of Nice Pooper fanzine said they were looking a little tired and bored, and while agreeing, i'm also not carring. For in the cool break in "terrestrial", that split second synoopation silence, Perseponko yells. "HALL OF FAME", for that split second filling the space and the silent void left there by the rock band. But then the Kell's Rockpiles jumped up and beat him blac THEE SPEAKIEG CAMARIES at a roast beef lunch cart in

scenario? this rock triumvirate called forth from the air of histories past and alchemioly transubstantiated into ohe? I mean even though they seemed bored they still fully realized the vague but poverful conspiracy across space, time and genre connecting Van HALEN, GOVERNHENT ISSUE and YES! I mean they can do this with out really trying too; Vi rock song-smithing, Tom Lyle guiter sculpturing and beautiful jesus freak YES epics all the while making them into THEIR OWN songs. (thats why it would be retarded to dismiss the 'new' LP with bullshit condecsensions about "sounding like Van Halen") and you think it me freak, but i can prove empiricity all of this as i taped the show (and even with the walkman muffiled safely deep in my Di Martini messenger bag, the tape still 'sonveys' just how gloriously loud they were).

can prove empirioly all of this are imped the above, out is seen with the valkams untiled seally deep in my Di Martini messenger bag, the tape still 'conveys' just how gloriously loud they weet).

DAREDEVIL at a Cabbage Collective house July 13 ms. beth, andy nice pooper and jason were like the biggest INDIAS SUMPRE computers ever . met hoday from the because of the conveys were the conveys to the conveys and the conveys and the conveys and the conveys and the conveys are the conveys and t

The Complete Riphard Allen Volume 2 (including "Skinhead Girls" "Sorts" and "Knuckle Girls") (S.T. Publishing)

Knuckle Girls are people too, OK. At thirteen it could not be said that I was a bad kid. I just always seemed to end up at the wrong place at the wrong time with the coolest hanging out at the Atomic Cluh, a little space in one of those dying strip mell plazas outside of Reading. That skinny over zealous state rat, Drew Moore, hopped the curb and tripping over his slip-on Yans went sailing head first into a plate glass storefront. Luckily a cop cruiser had into a plate glass storefront. Luckily a cop cruiser had and the rest of us were hauled off in a wagon and charged with drunk and disorderly, despite our protests. Another ordinary day, I was half awake in algebra class when the door flies, I was half awake in algebra class when the door flies, I was half awake in algebra class when the Dave Folk-braces, boots, and a red dingy flannel tied around his wait-his goofy face with the bulging eyes now best rad and sputtering angrily. He points me out screening about somebody stealing his dust. last night at Carlence e pad The Complete Richard Allen Volume 2 (including "Skinhead Girls" "Soxts" and "Knuckle Girls") (S.T.

-13-

Needless to say, the 6-foot blonds skinhead was promptly removed from the premises, my locker was seearched, my stath was found, my parents were called, and I was suspended for two weeks. And So I'm off to London, to stay with dear definitely ever the summer.

Anntie Relen for the summer was a fiesty old womm when the front stoop media and such as yen. Of occurs to me they just looked like a bunch of scrawny snot-nosed kids with hig boots and loud.

Seemed innocent enough with the summer were released innocent enough muther.

Anntie Relen for the summer was a fiesto look came over her elisish face as she stormed over to me lounging back on the gritty step. What was I looking as released to know. Not much I replicating them. A fiesto lounging back on the gritty step. What was I looking as released in a soow! Her looked the see gripped the wind of boover? she demanded. Hah, not with her. she was small but wirr, her muscles tensing as she gripped the white the summer was a fiesto with the summer was a f

Charles O'Connor and Sharon Higby's wedding, with the ORIGINAL SINS playing meanwhile in the basement, at the O'Connor estate in Woodbury on the most glorious and fitting saturday afternoon ever there was!

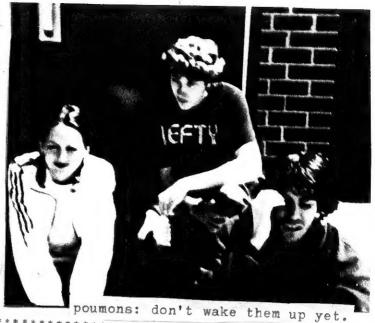
just like that PALACE song i was "drunk at the pulpit". But i fucking had to be sinos i was never anyone's fucking priest before! for the service I read a rad Yeats poem and Sharon and Charles read some moving anti-English IRA poeme by E.E. Cumings, i did not ween black and a collar, but a sharp green gaberdina three-button mod suit, skinhead french crew out and big woody Clarks. I swear i can't remember whole huge chunks of the afternoon, thanks to me and Charles fighting off the heebis jeebies with 4 bottles of Laphroig but they fucked up more than me, forgeting their wedding vows, sto and laughed when they did, it was so homey and cool and mappy, and all the friends looked on smiling and proud, except they might have seen me awaying, the whole ceremony lasted all of ten minutes, then we were able to monge like wolves starving and drunk already (everyone was). After i turned some old lunch box thermoses they found in the kitohen into 400 jugs of the finest rad wine, all the siftiming sight of the 'priest' surrounded by a bunch of weirdly dressed kids all conversing with the loudest foul mouthed sentences they ever heard, i mean i can't even say two fucking words without cursing. THE O SINS were already playing the whole time so everybody hightailed down into the basement. Simon was filling in on the keys. JT never played a wedding before but you couldn't tell; calling out, no, demanding, that the bride and the groom's father "dance the frug", that the groom and the bost man "do the evim", etc. i can honestly say that by the time the sweaty set was over, nobody was uncoher; even the old ladies who acted as if JT were Tom Jones, wrapping their arms around his waist, 'rubbing up and down upon him, covering him in Depends briefs. I can honestly say that by the time the sweaty set was over, nobody was an aching

STILL LIFE, FRACTURE, FRANKLIN at Cabbage late august 95 everyone from Philadelphia Express Courier was drunker and higher than anyhody else there with the exception of Rodney Emo Motherfucker and Andy 'peropy' Nice Pooper. We Express team members were glad to get to see FRANKLIN's, and thus Ralph Dardan's, return from tour, but it was somehow fitting that we got there when they had 2 songs left to do. Ralph was wearing a muscle tee and singing into his pick upe, he was stepping well in tight tap dance shoes, doing his Kravitz / James Brown moves. his dread looks looked like a halucination of a dilection of this sticks as hig as bush, his white pants and shirt went well together with Schmitt's old red guitar, and he is the 90's Sly Stone, and everyone else in his band looks like a substitute teacher, and that was only until the one guy threw his guitar and hit comeons and didn't ours at all about the blood because thats how emotional he was getting.. but the songs were moving and good. Jordan was hanging out in Philadelphia still wearing his bike glowes and thinking his New School of Jazz thoughts. Skunk was still wearing his elbow pads from work and scaring the kids in the pit whenever he would pull out a smoke and almost light it, attracting hornified looks from the clean air council matt lyngard was too dangesously wasted on white wine.. but out on the church steps you could chain smoke and drink as much as stucking homeless man and no one would (or should) care, so we all did this for awhile and realized FRACTURE was done too. i got downstairs and saw Rodney going eme-apeshit like guy picciotto in RAIN. STILL LIFE were better than lest summer, and they had bigger equiptment. the slower never songs got me joyous watching the guitar kid hunch over a string riding it right into heaven. i mean i was thiking to smyself how he roled even though he was starting to look like a krshna, they were really good and i guess thats because sean mocabe got them really stoned... (he didn't force it on them, they asked him to

THESE DIKE MESSENGER WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS Torento, Ont. august 1, 12, 13 1975

With absolutely no sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 13 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 14 hour van ride, the with a sheep and a 14 hour van ride, the with a sheep and that yield a sheep and that you are sheep and that you are sheep and that you get fined and for a sheep and that you get fined and jailed for blowing off traffin laws and red lights, we're like, PUCK, how are you augused to course as from the wide of the sheep and that you get fined and jailed for blowing off traffin laws and red lights, we're like, PUCK, how are you augused to course as from point a to point b in the most efficient manner when you have to stop all the tim? the outland liftencoes between the NTC-Boston-Phila measuragers and that happies, i mean the some in the fucked up post industrial seat coast cities insist you ride with no regard for law and order i sean the some in the fucked up post industrial east coast cities insist you ride with no regard for law and order i sean the some of the post of the state of the stat

the van, feeling so safe in another city in another country, not even any mosquitos to burz your ears. Not even any freaks to bug you like if you orashed on the grass in any freaks to bug you like if you orashed on the grass in any cother city. The finals the next day simply have to be thee cother city. The finals the next day simply have to be thee most insane racing that ever took place anywhere, no fucking most insane racing that ever took place anywhere, no fucking doubt! The start is one jumbled, manic fight for doubt! The start is one jumbled, manic fight for positioning, the first pickup/delivery others had killing freestyle ramp people are killing each other and killing freestyle ramp people are killing each other and killing freestyle ramp the sold of the first pickup for get their shit stamped, there are so than scory and real to watch the race is a 'miss and out' and scory and real to watch the race is a 'miss and out' and the field thins exponentially faster and faster imagine habit the field thins exponentially faster and faster imagine habit to be supplied to the field thing the supplied of the pace is problem of a faster and faster imagine the field thins exponentially faster and faster imagine the field thins exponentially faster and faster imagine the field thins exponentially faster and faster imagine the field thins active for a supplied for a supplied for a faster imagine the last of survivors are left the pace is gruellingly slow, there is blood pouring from every possible gruellingly slow, there is blood pouring from every possible gruellingly slow, there is blood pouring from every possible oversed with the blood thats pouring down his arm. The covered with the blood thats pouring down his arm. The covered with the blood thats pouring down his arm. The covered with the blood that pouring down his arm. The scans of the line not knowing that he has one more tag to drop, the scans of the line not knowing that he has one more tag to drop, the scans had habeed to a faster with the line not kno



### "the political economy of winter ... " continued : \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

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this is more sadness that i've seen: i sat in the passenger side of charles' mom's very c lean car. my head throbbing from the dEALing and the drugs. I thought about being straight edge. my starting ing and the drugs. I thought about being straight edge. My starting a straight edge courier service like Dan xmurphyx. make a jersey for me the only employee, with "FOR THE POWER AND THE GLORY OF STAI STRAIGHT EDGE!" in big pop art vegan lettering. and a "SXE" on the front right above my heart, man. but instead i watch lonely black men in drab clothes cross the white castle parking lot through the street lights on Broad, rain slanting hard falling lit to the churn ed up urban ground. I order six sliders and four fries because i feel like dying, charles orders the same, it is silent and sad and the rain keeps coming down, sideways and relentless, the black chick takes forever with our order, its like is this is forever, nothing else before or ever after, like in a rainy drive through waiting in fucking white castle philadelphia till you die... I

is see walking messengers walking philadelphia with bags on their ba backs, making deliveries because its all they've really ever dream ed of doing. they are the weirdos with the big thick glasses and fucked up dirty old winter coats from the dollar store, no one would give them a sunny word, no one would look at them in an elevator, no one would care about them forever, and i watch them move with their heads down through the stupid skyscraper streets, trying for some fucking bit of loot, what i hate are the smug and pretty-boy yuppies with bullshit jobs working for asshole companies who think they have some rapport with me; i hate the smug and ugly city work ers in wix city hall, lazy gravy train do nothing assholes what eat too much and smell of their shit stained lousy shiny trousers, their two-dollar suits they think impress you, their days are numbered in the fin de missele, their tax-payers salaries give them loot to play with, s and imms on the job time on their hands to maxx bureaucratize more and more of yourlives, they take your money, time, patience and your good will.

SOMETHINGS COME UP WANTING. Like working many hard hours on a bike in the snowing city, and its all post-christmas blues in the soul, working two hours too late with a drop on 7th and Callowhill, i get a flat and got no patches, i gotta walk it home and its been dark now 2 hours, my nights slide by way too fast, i blow off the next day, but its plainly evident to me and my distratch, i gotta get it together, my work ethic aestheytics, my wonderful skip-school outlook, my serious leave me alone world view, its my cultivated antry together. my work ethic aesthertics, my wonderful skip-school out-look, my serious leave me alone world view. its my cultivated antsy bored gimme paradigm, dig? and i'm sad since alex too is moving out of the city in a few weeks; to get away from police scrutiny no doubt.

THANK GOD ITS FRIDAY THE 13th, we went to mglincheya on the noon, wer are skipping work like there's nothing else we'll ever be able to do. like there will ever be a job anywhere where you don't scheme ways to get away sooner. What the fuck, even the measenger freedom done away with like a winter coat in spring, and its so springlike today, friday the 13th, 65 degrees in the middle of february. Roland and Alex head onto the bar. I get shafted a run to 2128 Locuet but i join them amazzingly soon enough, hauling xis sfaright at the bar with my money in my hands already. I run into mike riding by, says he's not had a tag yet... two beers down in the dim lit bar in a booth, talking shit about work (phila.express is the punk's meas, service). It scares me its getting too warm. It hovers over me like its gonna come crashing to an end soon, soon buried in snow. It hovers there too, alex being back to normal I guess, but way drunker now all the time, then before Tammy died. like his sunny, over-it disposition is going to come to an end because it just has to. because it can't be 65 degrees in the middle of the winter. outside, blurry, talking shit, those Ey guys call dispatch and I stand laugh ing off to the side. I ain't doing anymore runs today, I am through, and we part ways guffawing and riding hhunched over road bikes and cyclocross hybrids, laughing in the city that works like fucking slaves as we drink but we work. We work harder than anyone could know when we work..... THANK GOD ITS FRIDAY THE 13th, we went to mglincheya on the noon

### THINGS TO DO AGAIN DURING THE VODKA BREAKAFAST WINTER SNOWED IN SCENE!!!

The SKY GRITS Revival: wear hippy clothes, chew tobacco and be a girl simultaneously, play a fiddle like a vicinia. The BLUE TRAIE Revival: yet a singer that veryone will end up hating even before a light a samester's done, play really exciting and original song that sound like original and exciting and original song that sound like original and system of the service of the serv

The UPTOWN BONES Revival: take a ride on chuck's goat back down Girard Avenue, with Coltrane, Rizzo and Poe on a mission for xynex and ender, with Coltrane, Rizzo and Poe on a The UPTOWN BONES TAN (from "national philadelphia" fail or drop out of school gover wal: get really into pot hang out in Kutztown, Pag guto the Daw Inn. live together. In the Kutztown Halloween Paradel proven Benes to play on a float allow of friebes in alot of sunny finds fail under the wing a state of friebes in alot of sunny finds fail under the wing a state of friebes in alot of sunny finds fail under the wing a state of the first o

Other than that you'll have to go it alone, sorry...

dealer.



Erur Ge

HILS IS OF COURSE, THE SECOND PRINTING OF RAW POGUE NO. L#13. YOU HOLD #
F (7) 900 COPIES... new issue #1+ (fourteen) out sometime bifore summer
s totally dead, so if you have something to say or do Say if or Do It. And
you have a record for me by Bad Reigion or the grifters please send it
on because i need cigarreettes and the exchange is about to close No. I4
lil totally be full of the red wine writer paradigm with e gentle Tea-Heads.
JDutton (from Ohio), and Japanese Shinto prosody for the gentle Tea-Heads.

Easy Sub Cult might be splitting for Japan too so that would be good huh? possed thits it of the process of the splitting for Japan too so that would be good huh? possed the splitting for Japan too so that would be good huh? possed the splitting for Japan too so that would be good huh? possed the splitting for Japan too so that would be good huh? possed the splitting for Japan too so that would be good huh? possed the splitting for the splitting for the splitting possed to splitting for the sp

thats probably enough for you and i now to kinkos rip off to kinkos ... go. easy sub cult will kill you if you fuck or suck(w/ us or up to us). 1996 a.d.



some quick rock micro-history for summer 96: the bucolic Riveres "Bumblebees Bluegrass he bucolic Riveres "Bumblebees Bluegrass he more will snew and lazy "Humblebees and be graded with the will snew and lazy "Humblebees and be graded with the sadded with the best filter and to the sadded with the condition of the august to the best filter and the condition of the end of the filter and the count of the end of the filter and the count of the end of the filter and the count of the end of the filter and the count of the end of the filter and the count of the end of the filter and the same the conditions which are the same filter and the plane of the count of the count of the plane of the count of the count

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